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THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

VOL. III.

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

A Tale of Athens.

BY

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

Kx-C.584
Hx C 237

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.
1870.

823
Gre/Old
76615

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS,
STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

CHAPTER I.

Arnold. What! that low, swarthy, short-nosed, round-eyed satyr,
With the wide nostrils and Silenus' aspect,
The splay feet and low stature! I had better
Remain that which I am.
Stranger. And yet he was
The earth's perfection of all mental beauty,
And personification of all virtue.
BYRON. *Deformed Transformed.*

ON the day after the dinner at the house of Aristippus, Leon left his home about two hours before noon. The morning was wet and stormy at Athens, as well as in the Euxine; but Leon knew that the Board of War (who ruled naval as well as military affairs) would meet that day; and he wished

to speak with them, as soon as possible, respecting his readiness to take on himself the cost of repairing and refitting the Revenge, and respecting his desire to be appointed her Trierarch or Captain for the coming season for warfare. Once or twice in the early part of the morning, when the weather gave some brief promise of improving, he hesitated as to whether he should not defer his visit to the Board of War, and go instead to the Agora, or to the principal Palæstræ, the exercising and training grounds of the young Athenians. Charmides was usually to be found in one of them; and Leon thought that, if he could meet Charmides, he might probably be invited by him to accompany him home; and that he would thus obtain another opportunity of seeing Evadne. But it was useless to search either Agora or Palæstræ in such weather, as continued to rage; so Leon determined to make his ship the first object of consideration. As he left his house, he met Lysis, who was on his way to his friend, to pass

with him what seemed likely to be otherwise a long and dull day. Lysis heard with interest and pleasure the intended application of Leon to the Board of War; and he willingly accompanied him thither. Well wrapped in their boat-cloaks the two friends traversed the wet and miry streets to the town-hall or Prytaneum, where the ten Army-leaders, who constituted the Board of War, held their meetings. Six of the Board had been there for some time, and had nearly transacted the business of the day, when the names of Leon and Lysis were announced by the door-keeper. Three of the members of the Board present were on terms of personal friendship with Leon. Among these was the wealthy, amiable, physically-brave and morally-weak Nicias, who was by far the most influential personage of the whole Board. Lāches was another—a good officer, but not of so high a character as Nicias for incorruptibility. Lamachus was a third—one of the most gallant soldiers Athens ever possessed, and of no mean capacity in determining the

conduct of a campaign. But his poverty is expressly recorded to have deprived him of much of the consideration, with which he would have been regarded by his countrymen, if he had added the so-called respectability of riches to his undoubted military excellence.

The Board accepted with pleasure Leon's offer to take on himself the whole expense of repairing the Revenge, and equipping her for sea. His request to be appointed to the Trierarchy, and to serve the State during the next season for active service as captain of the ship, which he was to restore to efficiency, met also, as was natural, a favourable hearing. Nicias said, "We have been looking over the list of our wealthiest citizens, to see whom we should appoint as Trierarchs. Most men shun the office as a costly burden. We intended to pass you over, Leon, and to allow you a little rest after your long toils and perils in Platæa. But we are truly glad to find you thus come forward as a volunteer. Have you, Lysis, any similar offer to oblige us with?"

Lysis replied, "My means do not enable me to fit out a galley, nor have I ability and experience enough for the command of one. My petition is that you will appoint me second officer of the Revenge, under Leon. I believe he is willing that I should sail with him."

Leon warmly supported his friend's application, which was readily granted. Lāches then said to Leon, "I suppose, Leon, you would like to have your ship repaired and equipped according to your own judgment, and under your own eye. I always like to have that done with my own admiral-galley." Leon answered that he was about to request from the Board a written order to that effect to the surveyors and inspectors of the dockyards. Lamachus said to him, "You shall have it immediately." Then, turning to his colleagues, he added, "Let us get all these appointments made out at once. We shall then have done a good day's work, before we separate. We shall have ensured for the State at least one good ship,

and one good captain for the cruises of the coming summer. I hope, Leon, that you will be among the admirals of our fleets this year."

The other members of the Board assented; and the secretaries were called in, and the formal minutes and other documents were prepared. This occupied some time; and when Leon and Lysis left the Prytaneum, the weather had cleared up, and the streets and market-place were thronged as usual. Nicias and Lāches came away from the Board at the same time with Leon and Lysis. The Agora was very near to the Prytaneum. When they had passed a little way along the market-place, they came upon a group, of which the central figure was a short, thick-set man, conspicuously ugly, with features, such as painters and sculptors were wont to assign to a Silenus, or to a Satyr. He was questioning two elderly Athenians, who were in front of him; and he was frequently interrogating the bystanders, and inducing them to take part in the colloquy

Nicias, Leon, and their two companions, all knew him well. Indeed, every Athenian, and many of the mere temporary residents in the city, would at once have recognised Socrates, who was, as usual, busy in the performance of the Divine mission, which he believed to have been imposed on him,—a mission to spend his life in the search for wisdom,—questioning, cross-examining, and exhorting all whom he met, and unsparingly exposing all false pretences, and false persuasions of knowledge. He thus naturally made for himself many enemies, but he acquired at the same time a numerous troop of friends, of disciples, and admirers. The band of "Socratic Men," as they have been called, comprised characters widely differing from one another. Leon recognised among those in attendance on Socrates, his courteous, good-humoured, and munificent host of the preceding evening, the pleasure-seeking Aristippus. Next him stood the snarling, offensive Antisthenes, courting observation and notoriety by the raggedness of his

garment, through the holes of which (as Socrates told him) his vanity was seen peeping. Near them were the speculative, subtle, Eucleides, and the dull, pompous, but very practical Ischomachus. A young man, whose broad contemplative brow had acquired for him the surname of Plato, stood intently listening to the words of Socrates; and was already in his own mind blending his master's doctrines with poetical reveries of his own. Charmides, Cleitophon, and many more of the "gilded youth" of Athens were among the Socratic followers; and pre-eminent among these appeared Alcibiades, with his unrivalled beauty of feature and form,—Alcibiades, the most dissolute of the dissolute, but who found in the conversation of Socrates such an enchantment, that (to use his own words) "he could sit down beside Socrates and grow old in listening to his talk." * A little aloof stood a dark, haughty-looking man, whose dress was that of an Athenian of high birth and wealth.

* Plato 'Symposium.'

His eye was menacing, and his features were handsome, yet repulsive. This was Kritias: a man superior in oratory, in poetry, in philosophy, in political skill to almost every other Athenian citizen; but who was inferior to the meanest slave in the shops around them, as to sympathy with human feelings in others, and as to appreciation of any motive for action or forbearance, except his own gratification or aggrandisement. All those men, and very many more, habitually attended Socrates;—some for the mere pleasure of hearing him talk; some to profit by the pure practical morality, and the sublime theories respecting eternal truths, which he enounced; some in the hope of acquiring part of his matchless skill in the fence of disputation, especially in cross-examining and confuting a plausible and confident antagonist.

The two elderly citizens who were conversing with Socrates, when Leon and his party approached, were Lysimachus and Melesias, who were discussing the best mode

of educating their sons, with special reference to the young men gaining distinction in military service. Socrates had brought the conversation round to an inquiry as to the real essential nature of courage. When Nicias and Lāches came up, Socrates asked their opinions, adding some courteous remarks as to their renown as soldiers of proved worth on the battle-field. They both gave definitions, which Socrates easily proved to be fallacious.* Socrates then addressed himself to Leon. But Leon said, "I appeal from you, Socrates."

Alcibiades interposed, indignantly: "And to whom do you appeal from Socrates?"

Leon answered: "I appeal from Socrates the disputant in the Agora to Socrates the soldier on the field of battle. You must remember, Alcibiades, when we three were all serving together in the force that first besieged Potidæa. The garrison made a strong sally, and attacked the part of our lines, where we were stationed, and which

* See the 'Lâches' of Plato.

was very inadequately manned. We were driven back. You, Alcibiades, fell badly wounded, and most of our comrades took to flight. But Socrates, instead of running away, stept forward in front of you; he protected you with his shield; and, at the imminent risk of his own life, he held the enemy in check, till reinforcements came up and saved us. That is what I call true courage. I appeal, therefore, to the Socrates of Potidæa for an answer to the question, which the Socrates of the Agora propounds to me."

He turned to go away. Alcibiades said tauntingly, "You are afraid to stay and hear Socrates reply to you."

"Yes," answered Leon, "I know well my inability to cope with Socrates: so, having thrown my feeble javelin, I will at once retire, before my great adversary retaliates."

He hastened from the Agora towards the Peiræus. Lysis accompanied him. As they walked along, Lysis said, "I fear that we

have left our friends in the Agora rather abruptly."

"I cannot help it:" replied Leon. "I do not choose to be set up to be questioned and cross-questioned, and to have my words anatomised. I decline being beguiled into admissions and self-contradictions, and being made an exhibition of, by way of contrast to another man's cleverness. I have frequently seen this happen at Aspasia's house and elsewhere, to men who have argued with Socrates. I made an early resolution that nothing should ever induce me to enter into a discussion with him. But, come, let us forget these philosophers and their babble, and talk about our good ship and the glorious voyage which, I hope, we shall make in her in a few months' time. I am sure that there is a rich harvest of fame and conquest to be won in the far west."

"It might be useful to get some more information from Stilpo about those regions. I observe that he does not join Aristippus in attending upon Socrates."

"No. He is more pleasantly employed in attendance on his lady-philosopher,—that pert, clever little Arēte. It is a pity that she has not some of her father's good looks. I wonder if her mother was plain."

"I wonder if Evadne's mother was pretty. Evadne is remarkably beautiful. It is not often, now, that I pay much heed to a fair face, but I could not help admiring the expression of Evadne's features last night, as she watched you, while you were explaining the operations at Platæa. What do you think of her, Leon?"

"I? Well, I hardly know. Oh, pretty. Decidedly pretty." He then rapidly changed the subject. "Do you think we shall be able to get an entire free crew for the Revenge? I dislike having slaves on board."

"I suppose that will depend chiefly on the amount of extra pay that we offer. But we are getting near the docks. On which side does the Revenge lie?"

"She is in the eastern dry dock. But we

must first go to the chief inspector of dock-yards' office, and show these documents."

The requisite arrangements with the officials were quickly made. All the future expenditure connected with the Revenge was to be debited to Leon, who was to make payments on account every month. The surveyors and master shipwrights were instructed to follow his directions in all respects. And the greatest possible expedition was to be used in preparing the vessel for sea. Lysis, like his chief, was delighted with the Revenge's build and lines. They stayed at the docks, while some rough drawings were made, which showed the intended new position of her masts, and the alteration of her keel. Leon requested that a model of her, as she would appear in her new form and rig, should be made and sent to him. It was some hours after noon, when they returned to the upper city from the Peiræus. They went to the house of Aristippus in quest of Stilpo. They found Aristippus and Charmides there. These two had been with

Socrates since the morning, and had only just left him. Charmides was earnest and vehement in explaining to Lēon and Lysis, what an advantage, and what an intellectual treat they had lost, by going away so soon from the great master of wisdom. Charmides told them that there had been a subsequent dialogue between Socrates and the Rhetoricians Gorgias and Kallicles, in which Socrates, in opposition to those two, proved, by an adamantine chain of argument, that to commit injustice is the greatest of all possible evils, and which he had concluded by a magnificent description of the states of the Unjust and of the Just in the world to come. Leon coldly answered that Socrates always argued against the opinions of those who conversed with him. Leon then asked Aristippus where he and Lysis were likely to meet Stilpo. Charmides replied to the question by saying, "If you will come with Aristippus and me to our house, you will be sure to find Stilpo there. Arēte came to us in the forenoon to pass the day with my

sister, and I am certain that Stilpo will by this time have joined her."

Leon willingly consented; and the three accompanied Charmides home. On entering the principal room, they found Stilpo and Arēte at one end of it, deep in a conversation, which they carried on in earnest under-tones, occasionally varied by the merry laugh of the lady. Evadne was sitting at a table at a little distance, busily engaged in exploring some maps. They were maps of Bœotia and Attica; and she was trying to trace out the line of march from Platæa to Athens, and the scenes of the military events near that city, which Leon had been describing on the preceding evening. She coloured slightly on observing who the new-comers were; and she hastily turned the maps down, so that no one should discover what had been the subject of her studies. She then advanced to welcome her brother's friends, apologising for the absence of Timoclea, who was occupied at the time with household affairs. There was a grace, and a quiet

dignity in Evadne's manner, which Leon observed with pleasure; nor did it vex him, that she showed some little signs of embarrassment, and that her hand trembled when it met his. Arēte and Stilpo joined them; and, as Leon had come thither for the express purpose of obtaining maritime information from Stilpo, he felt compelled to talk about maritime matters. He spoke among other things of his new ship, and produced copies of the drawings, which he had caused to be made of her. Evadne asked to see them, and, when they were shown to her, she sought explanations of them from Leon, with an eagerness, that made Leon smile with pleasure, and Aristippus and Stilpo smile with amusement. Leon told her that he had ordered a model of the Revenge to be made, and asked permission to send it to her. She expressed a very great wish to see it, and to have it explained. At this period, Timoclea entered, and the conversation changed. Timoclea, after talking a little time with Leon and Lysis, asked her nephew where

he had been during the day, and this led Charmides to introduce again the subject of Socrates, and his surpassing merits. Much as Aristippus admired their common master, he saw that the topic was becoming tedious; and he took advantage of a pause to ask Lysis whether he intended to go to the exhibition of new Comedies at the Lenæan Dionysiac Festival, the time for which was rapidly approaching. Lysis replied that he did not often attend public festivals, but that he thought that he should go on this occasion, if Aristophanes had any new play to be exhibited. He added that he admired the brilliant poetry, which Aristophanes introduced in his comedies, though he disliked the personality and the coarseness of many of his scenes.

"And the injustice:" added Charmides. "What could be more shameful than the way, in which he attacked Socrates in the 'Clouds' last year? He represented him as engaged in all kinds of ridiculous and irreligious speculations about physical science, whereas my master discourages all studies of

the kind. He made him the type, the Corypheus, as it were, of the hireling Rhetoricians, who undertake to teach their pupils to prove that black is white, and who deride all ancient laws and usages. Socrates refuses all remuneration for his instruction, and the greater part of his life is spent in combating these vile paradoxes, and their advocates."

Lysis answered, "I, of course, did not see the 'Clouds,' as I was in Platæa at the time when it was acted. I believe that the play deserved to fail, as it did fail. But there was some very beautiful poetry mingled with the baser elements in it. I had an opportunity of reading it lately, and I was much struck by the invocation to the Clouds, and the first chorus. I think that some of the lines have remained in my memory:

Clouds, Goddesses of sky,
Whose glories are most high,
Now rise ye before this new-comer:
Whether on the sacred crest
Of Olympus' height ye rest,
Where the white snow is thawed by no summer;
Or with the Nereids move
Through Ocean's holy grove,

Whence ye spring forth in moist exhalations;
Or imbibe the golden rills,
With which Nile his current fills,
Ere he roll his deep tide through the nations;
Whether o'er Mæotis lake
Your station now you take;
Or with Mimas's high mists are blended;
Now, Deities of Air,
Receive your vot'ry's prayer,
And to his entreaties be bended." *

Aristippus said, "The first appearance of the chorus of Clouds in answer to that invocation was very beautiful. The thin forms with their loose mist-like drapery seemed to come floating up at the back of the stage, and to hover like clouds over the scene, before they assumed their regular dramatic station. The words too of their first choral song are worth remembering:

Clouds of the Heaven,
Immórtal mid storms,
To the winds we have given
Our light dewy forms.
Let us leave the deep roar
Of our parent the ocean,
And to mountain-tops soar
Where the leaves are in motion.

* Ἐλθετε δῆτ', ὦ πολυτιμήτοι Νεφέλαι. κ.τ.λ.
ARISTOPH. *Nubes*, 269.

Let us gaze on the whole
Of the gardens of earth;
On the rivers, that roll
In their turbulent mirth:

While the sea echoes high
O'er the rocks where it dashes;
And unwearied the Eye
Of the bright Ether flashes." *

"After all," said Leon, "I like old Cratinus the best of all our poets of the comic drama. There is a raciness and a vigour in the grand old veteran, which none of his younger rivals show in anything like the same degree. He beat Aristophanes last year, did he not?"

"Yes," replied Aristippus, "he gained the first prize with 'The Flagon:' Aristophanes with his 'Clouds' did not even come in next to him. The second prize was given to Ameipsias. I cannot say that I concurred with that part of the judges' decision."

Lysis remarked, "Ameipsias, like Eupolis, has grace and wit; but he has neither the poetic genius of Aristophanes, nor the fiery indignation and hearty joviality of Cratinus."

* Ἀέναοι Νεφέλαι. κ.τ.λ.
ARISTOPH. *Nubes*, 275.

"Perhaps," observed Aristippus, "they do not seek inspiration from the source, whence Cratinus habitually imbibes it. That old reveller is the most jovial of all our bards. There is not a play, and there are few scenes of his, in which the glories of wine are not celebrated; and I believe that he practises what he preaches."

Arēte here reminded her father that it was time for them to return to their own house, in order to prepare for the reception of some guests, who had been invited for that evening. Aristippus and Stilpo rose to depart, and Stilpo asked Leon and Lysis to accompany him on the way, as he would then have an opportunity of fully explaining to them what hold the Carthaginians yet retained of the western end of Sicily, and whether it was probable that they would stand by, and quietly see Athens acquire the dominion of the whole island.

When they were gone, Charmides narrated to his aunt and sister the scene, that had occurred in the morning between Socrates

and Leon in the Agora. He added some remarks strongly condemning Leon's conduct. Evadne defended Leon warmly. She maintained that it was not fitting for a renowned statesman and warrior, such as Leon was, to be heard wrangling in the market-place like a fishwife, or to be publicly examined and taken to task for his expressions, as if he was a schoolboy. Charmides replied with equal warmth; and the brother and sister got so angry in their arguments, that at last Evadne burst into tears and left the room. Charmides, who really loved his sister very dearly, was about to follow her and try to pacify her; but Timoclea interposed:

"You had better let her alone. Evadne would hardly like to have to explain the reason of her tears. Perhaps she does not herself understand it. When you next meet, speak a little more favourably of Leon, if you wish to please Evadne. Charmides, would you like to have Leon for a brother-in-law?"

"Leon my brother-in-law!" said Char-

mides, "I am sure I never thought of such a thing."

"Perhaps no one has yet definitely thought of such a thing. But I can see plainly what is likely to happen, if he comes here much oftener. I do not know why we should try to hinder it. There is an old friendship between the families. He is wealthy, well-born, and renowned for his valour and success."

"But for all that," added her nephew, "I wish that he could appreciate Socrates."

CHAPTER II.

How happily the days
Of Thalaba went by!

SOUTHEY.

Ὦ χαρίεσσ' Ἀμαρυλλὶ, μόνας σέθεν οὐδὲ θανοίσας
Λασεύμεσθα.

THEOC. *Idyl.* IV. 38.

Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience,
To do no contrived murder . . . .
He prated,
And used such scurvy and provoking terms.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello, Act* I., *sc.* 2.

THE next six days were about the happiest six days of Leon's life. Six days seem a small space, considering that they make up little more than a sixtieth part of each year of our life, and that each of us hopes to complete at least the Psalmist's estimate of threescore years and ten. Yet which of us is there, that

for the certainty of at once securing six consecutive days and nights of unalloyed happiness, would not be willing to have six years struck off from the expected fag-end of his life? How few of us are there, who can look back on six consecutive days, or half six consecutive days of unmixed felicity at any period of our past existence? A great character of antiquity—far too great a man to be dealt with in a work like this, except in a passing allusion—was introduced for a short space in the last chapter. Let us for a moment forget our function of fiction-seekers, and let us listen to what that man really said, when he was himself about to die, of human life and human happiness:

"I believe that if any one of us were to cull out from his memory that night of his life, in which he slept so profoundly as not even to dream; and then were to compare with it the other days and nights of his life; and were to see how many of them had been superior in happiness to that night of dreamless slumber, he would find them few indeed. Aye,

and so would it be not only with us ordinary men, but with the Great King himself." *

More than 2000 years have passed away since Socrates addressed these words to the judges, who had condemned him to death. Do they not come home to us?

Let us revert to the Athens of thirty years before the time when these words were spoken. That space of thirty years made a very important interval; for during it the power of Athens was irreparably broken; she had to

> Lie at the proud foot of an enemy,

and never recovered her old imperial spirit. But, at the beginning of those thirty years (which is nearly the date of our theme), Athenians were as confidently proud of their

* Ἐγὼ γὰρ ἂν οἶμαι εἴ τινα ἐκλεξάμενον δέοι ταύτην τὴν νύκτα, ἐν ᾗ οὕτω καθεύδαρθεν, ὥστε μηδ' ὄναρ ἰδεῖν, καὶ τὰς ἄλλας νύκτας τε καὶ ἡμέρας τὰς τοῦ βίου τοῦ ἑαυτοῦ ἀντιπαράθεντα ταύτῃ τῇ νυκτὶ δέοι σκεψάμενον εἰπεῖν πόσας ἄμεινον καὶ ἥδιον ἡμέρας καὶ νύκτας ταύτης τῆς νυκτὸς βεβίωκεν ἐν τῷ ἑαυτοῦ βίῳ, οἶμαι ἂν μὴ ὅτι ἰδιώτην τίνα, ἀλλὰ τὸν μέγαν βασιλέα εὐαριθμήτους εὑρεῖν αὐτὸν ταύτας πρὸς τὰς ἄλλας ἡμέρας καὶ νύκτας.—PLATO *Apolog. Socratis*, xxxii.

country's greatness, of her superiority to all other nations in both arts and arms, and, above all, of her commercial and maritime pre-eminence, as Englishmen feel with regard to their own country at the present day. When Leon and Lysis were superintending the equipment of their ship of war, and speculating on their probable voyages and adventures in her, they looked on defeat at sea, except by enormously superior numbers, as a thing impossible; and, like other Athenian officers, they were ready to encounter almost any preponderance of force, relying on superior seamanship as well as courage, and on the prestige, which a long series of victories had given to their country's navy. Leon passed every morning in the active duty of preparing his favourite galley. He had health, wealth, and youth; he met everywhere proofs of the admiration and favour, with which he was regarded by all classes of his countrymen; and he had at his side a brave, an intelligent, and a devoted friend, who was to share with him his ex-

pected adventures in the Far West. His afternoons and evenings were passed in the society of Evadne. He had obtained Timoclea's permission to come to the house as Evadne's suitor: and he knew that Evadne had been made acquainted with the character in which he came. Charmides had ceased to repine at him for not being a philosopher; and was beginning to feel emulous of Leon's military fame, and to entertain a strong desire for making a campaign under him. Arēte was often at their house for part of the day; and was always friendly, lively, and good-humoured. Leon saw with pleasure (as Evadne's shyness in his presence wore off) that, though not highly educated like Arēte, she was well acquainted with the national literature, and could join in a conversation respecting it with good sense and good taste. The fact was, that Charmides had been in the habit from their childhood of repeating to her the passages which delighted him most in the authors, whose works he was trained to study. As they grew older, she availed

herself freely of the access, which she always had to her brother's library; and her friend Arēte gave her many useful hints about the selection of subjects and passages. These advantages, superadded to the primary advantage of possessing naturally good abilities, had made Evadne about as well informed on subjects of literature and art, as the majority of Athenian men, and no better. She had learned nothing of high science or of philosophy. Charmides and Arēte had tried to teach her those things in vain. Evadne declared that such topics were above her comprehension. Leon, who himself knew little of such abstruse matters, liked her all the better for her ignorance of them; and it was altogether a satisfaction to him, that she could not look down on him in any department of knowledge. All men are selfishly vain as to the terms, on which they wish to stand with women, however much they may hide that vanity from others, and even disguise it from themselves. No one is willing to have to look up to his wife,

or his lady-love, as his superior in intellect or in solid acquirements. A man likes to be reverenced as chief, and as potential first performer in all departments; though he may be willing not to exercise or practically display his manifold mastery. Leon believed that Evadne not only loved him, but admired him as the noblest being that ever lived. Such were indeed her feelings. She did not pretend, either to others or to herself, that Leon was a sage philosopher, or an accomplished poet or orator; but she maintained (and warmly argued with Charmides) that Leon knew as much of these matters, as a hero of active life ought to know; and that it would have been a blemish on his heroic character if he had known more. She listened to, and thought over all his plans and day-dreams of future achievements and glory, with as much interest, as even Lysis felt respecting them. She studied all the details of the rig, and of the armament of the Revenge; and she kept in her own room the galley's model, which she had made Leon

give her. She had already begun to work with her own hands the pennon for the ship's Aphlaston, which was to float over Leon's head in the Western seas.

Wrapt in the happiness of the present, Leon thought no more of the trials and pangs of the past. But, if he erred in thus wholly giving himself up to his New Love, and in forgetting so completely and so soon the high-minded and true-hearted maiden, who had saved his life at Platæa, and whom he believed to have died there for his sake, he was soon bitterly recalled to repentance.

The day for the representation of new comedies (of which Aristippus had spoken to Lysis) soon arrived. Aristippus could not go to see them, as it was customary for none but Athenian citizens to be admitted to the Lenæan Dionysiac Festival, though the theatres at other times were open to the resident aliens, and to strangers in general. Leon expressed great indignation at this illiberal exclusion of his friend; but Aristippus treated the matter very lightly:

"I prefer," he said, "in general, reading a Comedy to seeing it acted. It is not so with a Tragedy. The merit of many scenes, and the dramatist's general skill in the framing of the plot, and in the arrangements of incidents, may escape appreciation, unless we watch their stage-effects. But the stage-effect in comedy is little more than making the audience laugh; and that is much more frequently effected by coarse buffoonery, than by either wit or humour. When I read a comedy, I can pause upon the brilliant and the powerful passages in it; and I can pass rapidly over the heaps of ribaldry and low abuse, and the practical jokes, which disgust and weary me, if I go to see the play acted. You, Leon, can report to me which of the new plays has any sterling merit, and I shall not have much difficulty in procuring a copy."

Cratinus was to be a competitor for the dramatic prize; and Leon, who was fond of the old man, took an interest on his account in the performances. Leon determined to

see the rival comedies played out, and to stay and hear the adjudication of victory. The dramatic exhibitions at Athens began early in the day; and, when (as on the present occasion) a considerable number of competing new plays were to be brought forward, the acting went on nearly till evening, with brief intervals, during which the audience might obtain refreshments. Leon's continued presence at the theatre of course involved the necessity of his absence from Evadne at their usual hour of meeting. When he mentioned this at Timoclea's house on the day preceding the festival, Evadne was rather disposed to treat him, as if he was putting a slight on her, and to insist peremptorily on his giving up the theatre, for at least the afternoon. But there was something in Leon's tone and manner, which warned her, that he was not the sort of lover, whom it would be safe to try to domineer over; and that an attempt to tighten his chain might end in her losing him altogether. Some hints, which she

threw out as to what was his duty, were unsuccessful and unheeded; and she then thought it best to escape the humiliation of open defeat, by pretending that she agreed with him in thinking that he ought to go to see his old friend's play acted, and hear the result of the competition. Still, she could not help showing a little vexation, which he took no pains to dispel. Altogether their interview that afternoon was less pleasant, and their parting less affectionate than had been the case for some time previously. Leon, as he walked home, thought to himself: "My little Evadne has been trying for supremacy to-day. It was a pity to vex her; but, if she had not been thwarted about this matter, it would soon have become necessary to thwart and vex her much more in some more serious affair. I suppose she will have recovered her good-humour by the day after to-morrow."

Evadne, as soon as she was left alone, had a good fit of weeping, but she soon dried her tears, and owned to herself in her heart

of hearts that she loved Leon all the more, for having claimed and maintained his true position of ascendancy: "I might have been gratified," she said to herself,—"I might have been gratified if Leon had given way to me, but I am sure that I should have despised him for it. Still, for all that, I will try again to have my own way at the first opportunity."

Leon ascertained that evening that the play of his friend Cratinus stood fourth in the order for representation. He had no particular wish to see either of the three rival comedies, that were to be acted before it; so, instead of going to the theatre early in the morning, when the performances commenced, he was able to go to the dockyard; but little was going on there, as all the artisans, who were citizens, had gone to the festival. But Lysis had kept some of the other workmen together, so that the day was not entirely wasted. Leon walked back towards the Acropolis a little before noon, and long before he reached the part, where

the dramatic contests were carried on, he could hear plainly the shouts of applause mingled with laughter, and sometimes varied by the noise of loud beating of the feet against the ground in sign of disapprobation. It was evident that the great mass of the Athenian citizens were busily engaged in watching and criticising the most popular of all their numerous public spectacles.

The chief part of the theatre (far exceeding in size any modern buildings of the same kind) occupied the south-western slope of the Acropolis. The seats for the spectators were cut out of the rock in regular tiers one above another, each curving round, so as to fill up about three-fourths of a circle. At the back of the highest of these, and encircling and over-topping all, stood a lofty portico of white marble. This was the chief place of shelter for the audience if a heavy storm came on during the performances; for the ancient theatres were never roofed; and the practice of drawing huge awnings across over the space, where the

audience sat, to protect them against sun and rain, had not yet been introduced. The Athenians would not willingly have foregone the magnificent prospect which they enjoyed from their elevated seats in the theatre, of the neighbouring mountains and groves, and of the sea in the far distance,—objects, to which their poets in their serious dramas made frequent and beautiful allusions. At the bottom of the lowest of the tiers of rising seats (in the place where our pit or stalls would be) there was an open space, forming about three parts of a circle; this was appropriated to the dances and other evolutions of the chorus, which took a far more important part in the old classical than it ever does in modern dramas. A little beyond the end of this space a raised narrow platform stretched across the building, and formed the stage on which the actors appeared. The requisite supports for the scenic decorations were at the back, and at the sides of the stage.

The structural arrangements of the old

Attic theatres did not differ more from those, which we are accustomed to see in modern play-houses, than the old Attic comedy itself differed in structure and in spirit also from any and every dramatic composition of after ages. This difference did not consist merely in the large and important part taken by the ancient chorus in the action of the play, but in the general spirit of personal and political invective, mockery, and buffoonery, which pervaded the whole drama. It was embellished with a prodigality of wit; it frequently displayed great skill and invention in the delineation of character, and in the arrangement of incidents; it was ennobled by much beautiful poetry, and sterling manly good sense; but bitter politics and gross personalities made up its staple. Living persons were freely and often foully attacked by name; and the most celebrated public characters of the day were introduced on the stage under the most ludicrous and degrading circumstances. In an age, when there were no newspapers, and

no pamphlets, and when nearly the whole of the citizens of the commonwealth could be brought together in one theatre, the comic drama became a formidable engine for influencing public opinion; and its greatest poet was fully justified in his boast that his muse, with many materials for laughter, mingled many materials for earnest and important thought.*

Leon was accustomed to the licence of his country's stage, and he had often joined, more or less cordially, in the laugh against himself. His name gave obvious opportunities for punning; and he had been sufficiently notorious, both for the follies of his private life (if life at Athens could be called private), and for his exploits in war, to cause many a joke to be uttered about the Lion's roar, the Lion's nightly prowls, and even about the supposed favourite lionesses. He did not imagine that he had grown more thin-skinned during his long absence from

* Πολλὰ μὲν γέλοια
πολλὰ δὲ σπουδᾶια. *Ranæ* 289.

Athens; and he took his seat in the Theatre, expecting to share in much laughter at the expense of his friends, without hearing anything very disagreeable about himself. As none but Athenian citizens were admitted to the Lenæa, the vast building (which was designed to accommodate the concourse of strangers and resident aliens, as well as of the Athenians proper, at the Great Dionysia), was by no means crowded; and people took and shifted their places as they pleased. Leon wished to have a good view of his friend Cratinus's play; so, without heeding whether he was taking a station where he was himself conspicuous, he chose a seat in the lower tier, immediately opposite to the centre of the stage.

The representation of Cratinus's new comedy began soon after Leon's arrival. It went off rather flatly. As the old Poet himself afterwards owned, the play savoured more of the fumes of yesterday's wine, than of the fresh inspiration of the juice of the grape. Some brisker dramas followed; and,

as long as the jokes and the scurrilities were levelled at others, Leon enjoyed them heartily. At last came a play by an author named Morsylus, a writer of little humour or brilliancy, but who went beyond almost all others in the copiousness and in the coarseness of his personalities. This sometimes suited the popular taste; and his play this afternoon, which was little more than a tissue of burlesques and calumnies, was received with vociferous applause. Suddenly Leon heard his own name on the stage, and he heard coupled with it the name of Atalanta. The soldiery, who had escaped from Platæa, had brought to Athens many stories, some true, some exaggerated, some mere fictions, about Atalanta the companion of Aspasia, who had been taken to Platæa, who had been so much courted by their general, and who was supposed to have fought and fallen at his side. Morsylus strung together parts of these stories, together with allusions to the old legends about the heroine Atalanta, who figured with Meleager at the Calydonian

hunt, and about the other Atalanta, who ran the foot-races, and who was fabled to have been finally transformed into a lioness in her lover's company. Leon heard with burning indignation the name and fame of her, who had loved him so truly, and whom he had loved so well, made the burden of ribald songs, and the theme of filthy jests. He saw Morsylus watching him from a seat close under the stage, and enjoying the sight of his sufferings. Instinctively his hand clutched at the part of the dress, where in war time the dagger was worn; and he muttered, half aloud, "What ought to be done to this wretch?" A clear, low voice behind him answered, "*Kill him!*" He turned and saw Alcibiades. Kritias, and others whom he recognised, were also close to him.

Alcibiades, in advising him to kill Morsylus, spoke in earnest; for he was bidding Leon act, as he himself acted a few years later, when he caused the Comic Poet Eupolis to be drowned, in revenge for a very free

attack made on him by Eupolis on the stage.

Leon was rising to leave the theatre; but Alcibiades laid his hand on his arm, and detained him.

"Do not," he said,—"do not let that vile libeller see that he has had the power to distress you so deeply. There is not much more of the play to come. Stay it out, and then come home with me. I have a few friends to entertain this evening. We will try to make you forget the annoyance of the day."

Leon complied, and remained to the end of the play, which was the last of the whole list. His displeasure then was greatly increased by hearing a prize awarded to the author, who had so foully attacked him. He said nothing on the subject to Alcibiades, as they returned to his house together; nor was the subject again mentioned during the evening. The entertainment given by Alcibiades was splendid; and Kritias and other guests were present, whose intellectual

and conversational powers were of a very high order. After dinner hired musicians, and singers, and dancers of great eminence were introduced. But Leon remained silent and gloomy throughout the whole banquet, though he drank more freely than had of late been his custom. He left the mansion of Alcibiades to return to his own house alone. Part of his way was along a street on a hill side, where there was a raised foot-path, which ran on a level along by the door-ways of the houses, so that at the lower end of the street the footway was considerably higher than the road. There was no side-rail, and the footway was narrow; but Leon knew the path well, and there was some moonlight. He kept along the footway, until, near the part, where it was highest above the road, he saw some one staggering towards him from the opposite direction. This was Morsylus, who had been at a banquet given by some of his friends in honour of his success, and was now returning to his house in a more than half inebri-

ated condition. Leon recognised him, and stood still. Unfortunately Morsylus also recognised Leon, and reeled up against him, asking loudly and insolently, "Where is the noble Lion prowling to now? Is he on the look out for his Atalanta?"

Muttering a fierce oath, Leon swept his right arm round across the drunkard's shoulder, and hurled him violently headlong down from the footpath into the street below. The wretched man fell heavily, and then neither spoke nor stirred. Leon went down by the nearest flight of steps to examine the extent of his injuries. He found him quite dead. His neck had been broken by the fall, and he had expired without a groan. As Leon rose from examining the body, he saw two men, whom he had not previously observed, approaching him from out of the shade thrown by the opposite buildings. As they came near, Leon saw that one was Kritias, and the other Pāches, who, like his companion, was a member of the extreme Oligarchical party

at Athens. Kritias, on seeing that Morsylus was dead, instantly urged Leon to quit the spot, and hasten to his own house.

"The night patrol," he said, "will soon come up; but they will come from their guard-house, which is in a different direction. We will inform them that we heard the noise of a heavy fall, and that we found Morsylus lying dead here. We will say nothing about you."

Leon at first refused to take to flight; but Kritias urged on him the folly of carrying the point of honour in the battle-field into such a catastrophe.

"Consider," he said, "what it is that you risk, if you are found near the dead body. Thousands heard the provocation given to you in the theatre; several, besides ourselves, heard the advice of Alcibiades to you about killing the offender. You will not be tried before the popular tribunal. Your own favour with the multitude, and the influence of our clubs, can do nothing for you. The Areopagus will take it up;

and you know their pedantic fondness for ostentatious severity. Even if they only convict you of mere unpremeditated homicide, you will have at least a sentence of a year's banishment. You will lose your ship, and the command in the Western seas, which you are now sure of. Do not throw all this away, and perhaps your life also."

Leon yielded unwillingly to the advice thus pressed on him. He regained his house without meeting any other person; and he knew that, if Kritias and Pāches kept their promise of not mentioning him, he was safe from judicial inquiry. But to have killed a man in a street brawl made him feel self-degraded; and it was with many bitter thoughts, with sad memories of the long-past, and gloomy self-reproaches for what had just occurred, that he threw himself on his couch that night.

As soon as Leon had left the place where the body was lying, Pāches observed to Kritias "We have now got Leon in our power. He must needs join our party, and

act as we require. A threat of denouncing him for this fellow's death will be an effective screw on him at all times."

Kritias replied, "I think we must go a different way to work with him. Leon's is not a nature to be ruled by terror. If we were to threaten him, he would most probably fire up, and set us at defiance. No; we must rule him through what are called the better feelings. We must act in this matter, as if our sole wish was to help Leon, out of friendship and admiration for him. Gratitude will then bring him over to us; and afterwards, little by little, we can initiate him in work and in scenes, which will ultimately make him ours to the heart's core."

"I will follow the plan that you recommend, Kritias, in this as in other matters," said Pāches. "But I often observe that such subtle and far-reaching policies defeat themselves, when a plainer and rougher mode of action would in all probability have been successful."

They called to the night-patrol as soon as

they heard them approaching, and, according to their agreement with Leon, they told the truth, but not the whole truth as to what had happened. They said that they heard a sudden noise as of a body falling heavily; and, that on going up to the spot, they found Morsylus lying dead, evidently just killed by a fall from the high foot-path into the road. It was soon ascertained that Morsylus had left the house, where he had been feasted, in a far from sober state. There seemed to be nothing very wonderful in a drunken man falling from a narrow causeway at night. There was no wound on him, or any sign whatever of violence having been used to him before he got the fall. The death was considered to have been accidental; and, before long, it was totally forgotten by the Athenian public. Leon however remembered it long and painfully; and he felt severely the burden of the obligation, which he was now under to Kritias and Pāches, two men, towards whom he had long cherished a strong antipathy.

On the morning after this occurrence, Leon went down to the Peiræus, as usual, to look to the progress which the shipwrights were making with his galley; but he was absent in mind, and heedless of what was going on. Lysis, who met him at the dockyard, saw that something had happened to distress and trouble his friend seriously, but he knew nothing as to its nature. Lysis had not been to the theatre; and he had not heard of the insults heaped there upon Leon in the comedy of Morsylus. People at the dockyard were talking of the death of the dramatist; but Lysis paid little heed to them, and did not know that Leon was in any way connected with what had happened. On their return to the upper city, Leon requested Lysis to go for him to the house of Timoclea, and to make his excuses for not paying his customary and promised visit. He said that he was ill, and wished to lie down on his couch. He begged also that he might be left alone during the afternoon and evening. Lysis left him reluctantly,

for he could see that Leon was really fevered and in pain. Lysis thought that he must have had a quarrel with Evadne or with her family, and that the altercation must have been serious. But he wondered that even in that case Leon should be so severely affected. Lysis thought to himself, "He has got over the loss of his first love without much difficulty. It is strange that he should take to heart so seriously the mere chance of missing a second love." But when Lysis arrived at Timoclea's house, and saw the fond anxiety, with which Evadne and her aunt and brother received the news of Leon's indisposition, he saw clearly that on their side at least there was no anger or change of feeling. Evadne would have hurried down to Leon's house herself to tend him in his illness, but this was peremptorily forbidden by Timoclea. She then insisted that Charmides should go to Leon, and return to her with an account of his state in an hour's time. Lysis told them of Leon's express wish to be left alone; but Evadne replied

that such an order could not apply to any one sent by her; and again implored her brother to hasten to Leon's sick couch. Charmides willingly did as she desired; and Lysis seeing that any further objection on his part was useless, returned to his own home.

Leon was at first displeased when Charmides entered his chamber; but he was greatly relieved by finding, as he did on cautious inquiry, that Charmides had, like Lysis, kept away from the theatre on the preceding day, and knew nothing about the performances there, except that he had heard that Cratinus had not been successful. His sister had made him inquire about this. Leon had professed to take great interest in the reception of his old friend's play, and this had been enough to make Evadne take an interest in it also. Charmides expressed the greatest aversion for all the Comic Poets. He said that he had heard in the Agora that morning that one of them, who had gained a prize at the Lenæa, had fallen down

in the street, and broken his neck on the preceding night. Charmides added his opinion that such a death was a fitting termination for the life of such a personage.

After a little time the young man left his friend, and returned to his sister, charged with a message to her that Leon's illness was a mere temporary ailment; and with a promise that she should either receive a letter from him, or see him early on the following morning.

When left to himself, Leon pondered long and anxiously during that afternoon and the night on the true state of his own feelings, on his position with regard to Evadne, and on the course that he ought to take. What had occurred respecting Atalanta on the preceding day, had brought back all his old love for her, and his sorrow for her fate; and he felt that his passion for Evadne was dimmed, as the ancient feelings revived. He almost wished that he was free from his new ties. It was true that he was not yet betrothed, and that no formal

engagement or interchange of promises between him and Evadne yet existed; but he felt conscious that he was bound to her on the strength of his conduct and demeanour towards her for some time past, by the affection which he had displayed towards her, and by the return of affection, which she had made (or at least had revealed) in consequence of his inducements and encouragement. He felt that it would be ungenerous and cruel, if he were now to leave her, and yet he thought to himself, "Is it not still more cruel and ungenerous in me to persevere, now that I know myself, and am conscious that I bring to her a heart, that is peopled with the phantoms of bygone happy days, and clogged with the ashes of a departed love? Yet how could I explain my motives for now altering my conduct? I cannot speak of these things to her. I have never been a hypocrite. My old life and character are well known. If any one likes to question me about them, let them do so. If for that, or for any other cause, Evadne

or her friends desire that we should be parted, so let it be. If not, let things take their course. I will be ruled by circumstances."

With this determination "to let things take their course, and to be ruled by circumstances" (which is what most men are weak enough to do in such cases), Leon at last sank to sleep.

On the next morning he was about to write to Lysis, and to request him to attend alone to the works on the galley, when Lysis and Charmides both entered his room. Coming from different directions, they had both met at his door. Leon professed that a night's rest had thoroughly cured him; and although he still looked a little haggard and careworn, he seemed to them far better, than he had been on the preceding day. He told Charmides that he would accompany him back to his house, if he would wait a little time, to which the young man willingly assented, but immediately sent off a slave with a scrap of papyrus to Evadne, whom he

knew to be anxiously expecting intelligence as to Leon's condition. He wrote only a few words, but which he knew would contain volumes of joy for his sister: "He is better. He will be with you soon." Leon then talked over with Lysis the state of the repairs, that were being done to the ship, and the somewhat high terms as to extra pay, which a body of fifty first-rate seamen were demanding. The three friends took together the customary morning meal of bread and olives, or dried fruits, with milk, or with water, or with wine and water, according to the taste and habits of each individual. Lysis then left them, and began his walk to the dockyard. Leon proposed to Charmides that they should at once go to his house. Charmides hesitated a little, and then said, "I was charged with another message to you. It is from Ischomachus. You know he is Evadne's guardian. He and I are great friends, for he appreciates and frequently attends Socrates. But my aunt and he do not like each other much,

and he very seldom comes near our house. He gave me the message for you, when we met in the Agora yesterday. I told Timoclea of it, but not my sister. You will not mind my telling it to you, will you?"

Leon smiled, and replied, "That must depend upon its nature. But you may be quite sure, Charmides, that I am not likely to take offence with you."

His young friend rejoined, "Ischomachus told me to say, that he wished to speak with you, and that he would come to your house at any time you would appoint. He mentioned the subject on which he wished to speak. It is about Evadne's dowry and the betrothment. Indeed, Leon, I feel vexed that any of us should be the first to mention this. I assure you that Evadne knows nothing about this communication. Timoclea and I both agreed that, if she heard of it, she would be sure to forbid most peremptorily my telling you of it. But we also both thought that it would not be right for me to keep back from you

what my sister's guardian had desired to be repeated to you."

Leon took his hand, and said, "You have acted quite right, Charmides. I only feel vexed that I have not myself attended to this sooner; but dowry is a topic which I did not care to introduce. Your cousin Ischomachus and I have kept somewhat aloof from each other, since we had a rather warm altercation in the public Assembly about two years ago. But I am sure that there is no serious ill-will on the part of either towards the other. He is a brave man—a first-rate horseman. He and I have ridden side by side against the enemy before now. I will see him to-day. Where do you think that I shall find him?"

"He will be sure to be in Damon's Palæstra about noon. I heard him say so to Kritobūlus."

"We will go there together at that hour. And now let us make the best of our way to your house."

Evadne had watched for Leon's return

with the fond eagerness, with which (to borrow a simile from the great Florentine poet) the bird watches from her nest for the return of day, that may enable her to seek the food which her little ones require. When Leon entered the room, she ran eagerly up to meet him; and placing her hands on his arms, she looked into his face to mark whether it showed proof of serious illness. She then bethought herself of what she was doing; and blushing deeply, withdrew her hands, and turned away. Then, strong love prevailed again, and she again looked intently on him, as if her very life depended on the answer to her inquiring gaze. Assured both by his aspect and by his words that there was no cause for alarm about his health, Evadne sate down on a couch and wept abundant tears of joy. Leon was deeply moved by the sight of so much affection, and by feeling that all this affection was for him. He sate down by her, and said, "Evadne, dear Evadne!" She again raised her face to

him, and he met her with an unforbidden caress. She was now all the world to him. His old love, his ambition, the recent insult, and the recent homicide, were all forgotten in the rapture of Evadne's presence. Their joint day-dream of superhuman happiness was at last broken by the entrance of Timoclea.

Timoclea sent Evadne away to superintend two of the women servants, who had been ordered to move a small but very valuable statue from one room to another. When she had left them, Timoclea said to Leon, "Has my nephew given you the message which he received from Ischomachus?" Leon replied in the affirmative, and added that he was to meet Evadne's guardian at noon that day, and that he sincerely trusted that they would be able to agree upon an early day which might be suggested to Evadne and Timoclea for the betrothal. Timoclea then said, "I ought to explain to you that Ischomachus only became guardian to these children about two

years ago; when my last brother died. Charmides (who is older than his sister by a year) attained the age of eighteen some months ago, and thereby passed from under his new guardian's jurisdiction. But Charmides continues to see much more of him, than Evadne and I do. Ischomachus and Charmides are both philosophers, as they call themselves; and they both almost worship that hideous but inspired creature, the sculptor Socrates, the son of Sophroniscus. Ischomachus disapproves of the way in which my household is conducted—of me and my niece living like rational and free beings in the cheerful and intellectual society of other rational beings. He is all for the old system of domestic discipline, according to which all free-born Athenian women are compelled to pass their lives in gloom, in trembling, and in ignorance. However, he does not actively interfere with us, and we keep clear of quarrels. I have no fear as to his justice or kindness in dealing with any important matters in

which our welfare is involved. But I know that I should anger him extremely, if I were to take the initiative in any arrangements about Evadne's marriage, and I will refrain from doing so. You know my good opinion of you, and (what is a thousand times more important) you know her feelings towards you. We both know and trust you thoroughly. Let me see you here in the afternoon after your interview with her guardian."

Evadne here entered in great grief, and announced that, through the stupidity of Eunoë and the over haste of Milto, the statuette (a favourite one of her own) had been thrown down and broken. Timoclea replied gravely, "I am sorry to hear it. If I were superstitious, I should think it a formidable ill-omen." She turned to Leon, and said, by way of explanation, "It was an image of the Goddess of Heavenly Love."

Leon replied, "Let us see the extent of the injury that has been done. Perhaps it is not irreparable. Your nephew's friend,

Socrates, or some other sculptor, may try his skill at restoring it."

"Yes," said Timoclea. "Let those careless girls bring in their handiwork. Marble is easier to mend than hearts are."

The offending damsels brought in the fragments of the statue, but they were mere fragments, and all hope of restoration was at an end. Leon said, "If the favourite image cannot be repaired, let it be replaced. I have a statue of the goddess at my house by the same sculptor, and of nearly the same size. Let me send for it, and let it be honoured by being enshrined here."

Evadne looked pleased at the offer; and Timoclea after a little hesitation accepted it. A written order was forthwith despatched to the chief servant of Leon's household, and in a short time two of his slaves appeared bearing the image, carefully wrapt up and secured from chance of injury. On its being placed in the hall, and on the wrappers being taken off Timoclea saw that it was an exquisite work of art, but that it differed very

much from the lost one in attitude, in drapery, and in expression. She said seriously to Leon, "I will not offend you by rejecting your gift. It is very beautiful, but its style of beauty is open to much observation. It shall stand in the corridor; but I cannot think of appropriating it to Evadne. This is evidently a representative of the Goddess of Common Love, of the Pandēmos Aphrodite. The one, which she has been deprived of, was an image of the Aphrodite Urania."

Leon felt and looked vexed; and he did not mend his position by remarking by way of apology, that though the statue, which he had sent, had been for a long time in his house, he had not sufficiently attended to its true character.

Charmides now rejoined them, and reminded Leon that the hour of noon was very near. The two then proceeded to the Palæstra of Damon, where they found a great number not only of young men, who were engaged in taking lessons, or in competing with each other in wrestling, boxing, fencing,

and other exercises, but also of bystanders, some of whom were earnestly watching the rival athletes, while many were chiefly occupied in conversation with each other.

In one of these last-mentioned groups they saw Ischomachus and Kritobūlus. Socrates was with them, and (an unusual thing for him) was taking the part of a listener. He had been consulted by Kritobūlus (a young man of great wealth, of which he had recently come into possession), for advice as to the management of his property; and he had introduced Kritobūlus to Ischomachus (who was renowned for his riches and for his constant increase and prudent use of them) as the man in Athens most competent to give him the suggestions, which he required. Ischomachus had already, when Leon approached, told his auditor much about the purchase and management of land, houses, and slaves; and he was beginning to give him advice about marriage. Leon listened very attentively to this. Ischomachus narrated, by way of example, the

course which he had himself followed in this respect, and which in his own case had brought with it comfort and increased prosperity. He had purposely chosen a very young bride, under the age of fifteen; one whom he ascertained to have been brought up in the strictest seclusion, so as "to see as little as possible, to hear as little as possible, and to ask as few questions as possible." In fact, when he married her, she knew nothing, except the arts of spinning and weaving, and how to conduct herself virtuously. He had wished this young wife to take on her the entire management of his extensive household; and he described how helpless and scared she was at first, but how he taught her confidence in herself, and confidence in him. By degrees she acquired the art of managing the numerous slaves, male and female, of the establishment, and of securing willing and active obedience to all her orders. The strictest economy was practised by her; but with due regard to the state, which her husband's social position

made it proper to maintain. Finally, Ischomachus declared that by choosing his wife thus, and by treating her thus, he found himself relieved from all domestic cares and troubles, and free to devote all his attention to the out-door management and enlargement of his property, and to the maintenance of his reputation as a liberal patron of art, as a generous friend, as an efficient soldier, especially as an accomplished horseman, and altogether as one of the most distinguished citizens of the commonwealth.*

Much comforted by this self-laudation, and by the deference and gratitude with which Kritobūlus heard it, Ischomachus looked round, and saw Leon among the listeners. He accosted his old cavalry comrade with a cordiality, which Leon frankly returned; and they walked away together to Leon's house, which was near to the Palæstra. Ischomachus began their conversation by observing, "I

* This description of the beau-ideal of an Athenian wife is taken from the 'Œconomica' of Xenophon, vii. 3. It fairly represents the general opinion at Athens on the subject.

fear, Leon, that the pattern, which you have just heard me describing, of an Athenian maiden, educated on an old-fashioned Athenian system, is hardly exemplified in what you have seen so much of lately in my cousin Timoclea's household."

Leon replied, "I do not dispute the soundness of your judgment so far as regards your own choice; but with regard to your cousin Evadne, there is nothing in which I could wish her to be different from what she is."

"I am glad to hear you say so. I believe indeed that Evadne is a thoroughly good-hearted girl; and that she has escaped all the risks of the strange way, in which Timoclea has conducted herself and her household. It had been going on so long, when I became the children's guardian, that I did not care to interfere; still, I am glad that my cousin is going to be married, especially as it is to a man of sense, as well as of fitting rank and suitable wealth."

Leon bowed, and said, "Before we go further, let me ask if you know what oc-

curred at the theatre, at the Lenæa, the day before yesterday; I mean the personalities respecting myself?"

"I was there, and witnessed the scene with regret and indignation; feelings, which were not a little heightened when those fools, the judges, gave a prize to the buffoon, who had attacked you. I was not sorry to hear what happened to him that night. But all these things should be forgotten now. They belong to a past existence of yours, as my fellow-disciple Plato would say. You are going to begin an entirely new stage of life now. There are some dull, dry, but not immaterial preliminaries to settle; which it is my duty, as Evadne's guardian, to attend to."

Leon replied, "Make her dowry what you please; I will contribute at least an equal sum to the joint matrimonial estate. Since Iophon has been in Thrace, our mines there have been agreeably lucrative, and I have learned to take more care of my income than I used to do."

"I am very glad to hear it, for Evadne's sake as well as your own. These Thracian mines, to make them pay properly, require a proprietor's eye. I suppose Iophon finds watching gold a more agreeable occupation than watching steel. We heard that he left you at Platæa in a not very creditable manner."

Leon said in a low voice, "I would rather be spared from being reminded of what happened at Platæa."

"I will not revert to the subject of Iophon," said Ischomachus, who little thought of what was passing in Leon's mind. "And, though I am sorry to have vexed you by mentioning him, I am not sorry to see that you have a proper share of family pride. And now for practical matters; I believe that Evadne's dowry will be five talents."

"I am quite satisfied," answered Leon. "I will contribute an equal sum. What day shall I propose to her as the day for the betrothment?"

"We must fix a day at least twenty days

from this time. The rank of both the families requires that we should pay due attention to proper ceremonies and formalities."

"I hope that in that case the interval between the betrothal and the marriage itself will be a very short one. I may otherwise be called on to sail on active service in one of the spring-fleets, almost as soon as I am married."

"There must be a proper interval of a few months between the two ceremonies. The head of such a house as yours and the sister of Charmides are not to be paired together with hurried and undignified rites, as if some shopkeeper was being yoked with the daughter of some small farmer. But we do not yet know in what squadron you are to serve, or to command. Perhaps we shall know more by this time to-morrow. The question whether an armament shall be sent this spring to the Sicilian seas will come on in the Public Assembly to-morrow; and if there is a majority for sending one, they will

most likely proceed to appoint the admirals. In that case you are very likely to have a command. Nicias thinks so, and will support you; that is to say, if there is to be an expedition to the West, which he disapproves of. But I believe that a vote for it is sure to be carried. There are some other party-leaders who are exerting themselves in your behalf, whose aid you can hardly have expected. I mean Kritias and Pāches."

Leon started as if stung by a sudden pang. He asked Ischomachus "Would you wish me to withdraw from among the candidates for that command?"

"By no means," replied Ischomachus. "I had rather that my cousin had to wait for her bridegroom, than that Athens should be deprived of her admiral. We look on you as one of our most promising commanders; especially since Phormio's health seems to be irretrievably shattered."

"Is the news about Phormio so very unfavourable?" I knew that he was still

detained at Naupactus by illness, but I did not know that it was so very serious."

"I heard the news from Nicias. Despatches from Phormio reached the Board of War this morning. So you see that the commonwealth cannot spare you. You had better occupy your time this afternoon in securing the attendance and the best exertions of your friends at the Public Assembly to-morrow. I will go now to Timoclea's house, and inform her and Evadne of the day which we have appointed for the betrothal."

"Do you not mean to allow them, I mean Evadne, some voice in the appointment?"

Ischomachus drew himself up, and said in a very dignified manner, "I trust that my ward will in this matter at least comply with the dictates of law, usage, and propriety, and will acquiesce readily in the arrangements which her guardian makes in her behalf."

Leon could only add "I hope so too." His visitor then left him with many formal

compliments and mutual congratulations on the result of the day's conference.

Leon made but a short canvass that afternoon. As soon as he felt safe that the guardian's visit to Timoclea's house would be over, he himself hastened thither. He found Evadne very much affronted at the authoritative and contemptuous manner in which she considered herself to have been treated. But Leon soon succeeded in convincing her that he personally was not to blame. And with much merry laughter at the pomposity of Ischomachus, in which Arēte, who had called to see her friend, joined heartily, they passed another pleasant evening.

CHAPTER III.

Tertzky. Do not heed him. It is only the wine that speaks out of him.

Isolani (with a bitter laugh). Wine never invents—it only *tattles.*

COLERIDGE'S *Schiller's Wallenstein.*

That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello.*

IN the public Assembly on the next day a decree was proposed, and carried almost by acclamation, that a squadron of ten galleys should be sent in the coming spring to the coasts of Sicily and Italy, to aid the friends of Athens there, and to advance the Athenian interest. Nicias made some feeble objections, but did not venture to call for a show of hands on the question. The Assembly was still more decided in giving the chief command of the squadron to Leon. Two

other officers were associated in authority with him. Leon took the earliest opportunity he could find for thanking Kritias and Pāches for the support, which they had given to him. Kritias replied with a significant smile that he hoped it would be in their power to promote his interests still further; and he added some remarks on how important it was, that men of birth and wealth, the true gentlemen and natural chiefs of the state, should co-operate together on such occasions, so as to keep important posts from the rapacious occupation of needy and presumptuous adventurers, who kept rising up from among the dregs of the people. On receiving a general assent from Leon to these remarks, Kritias invited him to be present on the following evening at an entertainment at his house, where Leon would meet several men of mark in the State, who had been active in securing his appointment. "The entertainment," said Kritias, "though given at my house, is really one, at which all the guests contribute

to the common stock. You will, of course, come as a friend of mine; and you can afterwards join our society or not, as you please."

Leon was not at all desirous of further intimacy with Kritias, or of joining any of the political clubs; but his obligations to Kritias were too recent and too heavy, to permit him to decline the invitation, and he therefore promised to be present.

He then started for the Peiræus with Lysis, who had been his close companion throughout the morning; but Kritias had carefully forborne from inviting Lysis together with him. The Revenge was now nearly ready for sea; and Leon and Lysis determined to get part of her stores aboard, and to complete her crew as speedily as possible. They both agreed that it would be desirable to take her for some trial-trips round the islands of Ægina and Salamis, so as to ascertain her speed, and to see if any alterations in her rig or trim could be made with advantage. They were both delighted at the prospect of a cruise in the Western

seas with a whole squadron under Leon's command, and they speculated eagerly on what the other nine ships of the squadron were likely to be, and who would probably be their captains.

While they were at the dockyard, Ischomachus joined them. He had remained at the Assembly to take part in some other public matters, that came on for discussion that day. He was as precise and formal in attending to every detail, of what he termed his civic duties, as he was in the management of his private property. Though he was utterly ineffective as an orator, his wealth gave him considerable political influence, as he used part of his money, through the agency of his bankers, in personal loans to the numerous needy men of talent, who could speak, and canvass, and intrigue, and spread rumours, and bring up voters, and collect evidence, and lay informations, and work various other parts in the complicated machinery, by which the Assembly and the law courts were influenced. Means were

always found to let these borrowers know, privately and quietly, who their real creditor was; and, as they were almost always behindhand in their payments, they had strong reasons for conciliating Ischomachus, or for, at least, not offending him. Besides possessing these secret sources of power, Ischomachus, like Nicias, was regarded by the people generally with deference and favour on account of his birth, his fortune, the conspicuous correctness of his conduct, and his personal courage in the field. He and Nicias were naturally friendly with each other. He had on that day had a conversation with Nicias after the Assembly was over, in which he had learned in confidence from that most important member of the War Board that the squadron for the Western seas was not likely to be sent out before quite the end of the spring, or the beginning of summer. He had gone to Leon's house for the purpose of communicating this privately to him, and he had thence come down to the Peiræus, where he was told that

courtesy, you may defeat his schemes (if he has any) for making you a tool or an accomplice. Recollect that his services to you, both about the concealment of your share in the death of Morsylus, and about obtaining the Western command for you, were given unasked. This sometimes enhances an obligation; but at other times, where, as in the present case, there is reason to suspect that the man conferring the service, did so for an ulterior purpose of his own, it diminishes and almost destroys the real validity of the obligation. If Kritias and Pāches should want a command or an appointment of any kind, and it is not manifestly sought by them for traitorous purposes, you must help them by your vote and influence. You must of course accept and return their hospitalities, until some fair cause for ceasing to do so offer itself. Beyond this you are not bound to go; and I advise you to be strictly on your guard, and not to go one inch further. Do not be angry with me, if I add a caution to be very sparing of the wine-cup this

evening at Kritias's; and be sure, whatever happens, to keep your temper."

"I will try to follow out your advice," said Leon. "But after all, low spirits are not to be reasoned away."

"No:" rejoined his friend. "All of us must have at times experienced that vague apprehension of ill, that weight of undefined, clinging, anxiety, which Æschylus speaks of in the Agamemnon,* and which we cannot get rid of by reasoning, or by any other mental process. But a determined will, though it cannot do everything, can do much; whereas the least giving way is like springing a leak in a storm."

While Leon was thus taking counsel with his friend, the subject of his reception at the Oligarchical Club was being discussed by Kritias, with Antiphon and Peisander. These three were among the fiercest, and they were also the subtlest of the ultra-Aristocrats of Athens. It was chiefly by

* Τίπτε μόι τοδ' ἐμπέδως κ.τ.λ.
ÆSCHYL. *Agam.* s. 975.

them that a temporary overthrow of the Democracy was actually effected a few years later, by means of a succession of bold party-manœuvres, and the unscrupulous employment of assassination.* They all agreed on its being most desirable for their interest that they should win over Leon to their party. They would thereby deprive the Demus of its most promising military leader in the event of open conflict; and they would secure for themselves a valiant instrument, just such as they required. They all three looked on Leon as first-rate in the field, but only second-rate or third-rate in council. They all considered him to be impulsive, and somewhat infirm of purpose; to be open to the temptation of pleasure; and to be easily played upon by men or women of keener intellect and more determined will. No one of the three Oligarchical chiefs wished for a fourth colleague in the management of their party. They wanted subordinates, not rivals; and each of them regarded Leon as a promising

* See Thucydides, lib. viii.

recruit, from whom much service and no competition might be expected. The practical question immediately before them was, how to deal with Leon so as to bring him wholly over to their side, or at any rate to get him so far to commit himself by taking part in their proceedings, as to make it impossible for him to act prominently against them. They all agreed that the right way of treating him, the plan of laying him under as many obligations to them as possible, had been well commenced, and that it should be persevered with as far as possible. They also all agreed that it would be prudent not to startle him by any premature display of their thorough-going hatred to the Demus, and of their design to overthrow the popular constitution. For the purpose of thus veiling for a time all that might startle their new disciple, Antiphon (who was the subtlest schemer of them all) had directed that Pāches should give a banquet at his own house that night, which all the young, hot, hard-drinking, out-spoken

members of the club should be asked to attend, instead of coming to the regular meeting at the house of Kritias. By taking this precaution Antiphon and Kritias trusted that they should be able so to control and guide the conversation, that (as Kritias phrased it) "there should be nothing for the new colt to shy or kick at."

It was late when Leon joined their meeting. He came late purposely, with the intention also of leaving them as soon as he could without showing marked discourtesy. He found about twenty Athenian citizens, all men of high family, all men who had been born to great wealth. Some of them still retained their ample possessions; but several of them had become notoriously insolvent and hopelessly embarrassed, through their own prodigality and profligacy. There were two Greek citizens of Allied States, one a Chian, one a Corcyræan; both men who afterwards signalised themselves as Oligarchical leaders in their respective countries, and as vehement supporters of the

Spartan interest. They all welcomed Leon with the greatest cordiality, and with marked respect; and Kritias and Antiphon exerted their powers of conversation (which each of them, but especially Antiphon, possessed in a very high degree) so as to interest and gratify their guest. Kritias knew Thessaly well. Some remarks about that country had been made among those present, which gave him an opportunity of humorously and graphically describing the chief horse-trainers and horse-breeders of that very equestrian country, their studs, and the breeds that were most prized. These were topics which Leon was always ready to listen to; and they gave Kritias an easy opening for introducing the subject of the Athenian cavalry; of the great service which the equestrian order (always a very aristocratic body) rendered to the State; and of how desirable it was that every man of position should support the knights against the attacks which low politicians lately had been making on their privileges. Antiphon took up the

same topic. This man's command of language was unrivalled. He never appeared in the Assembly as a debater; but as a talker he was almost irresistible. The very sweetness of his voice, and the perfect, yet unostentatious rhythm of his sentences, made it a common saying, that "Antiphon ought to be asked to talk, as other people were asked to sing, for the mere sake of listening to the voice, independently of the meaning of the words."* He spoke of the baseness and malignity of the attacks which mob orators had made on Pericles; and with an obvious allusion to his own case, he deplored the exclusion of men of that brilliant and refined genius with which sensitiveness is generally associated, from participation in public affairs, owing to the coarse brutality of those, with whom they would have to come into contact. He remarked how fortunate it was that there were still some men of intellect and of high social position, who were able to overcome this repugnance, and to undertake the offices of

* This used to be said of the late Lord Abinger.

the State. How much, he said, did it behove all honourable and right-minded men to support such leaders, and to co-operate under their guidance in keeping down the surging, seething masses of ignorant temerity and of unprincipled ruffianism. Leon knew very well what this pointed at; but he was no match for Antiphon in conversational argument, so he listened in silence, and took a guarded share of the excellent wine, which circulated freely, but not with immoderate rapidity. While their time was being thus passed away, they heard suddenly a violent noise at the door, and five or six of the younger members of the club rushed in, all crowned with chaplets, and all more or less drunk. They were headed by Pollis, one of the wildest rakes, and most reckless anti-popular partizans of the day. Reeling up to Kritias, he exclaimed, "A bowl! a full bowl of your best, oh most noble Kritias. Pāches has not a drop of wine that is fit to be placed before a well-born Athenian. What, Leon, are you

here?—have you at last left the snobs and the blackguards and come over to the gentlemen? Well, better late than never. Come, drink a pledge with me. Pledge me, pledge all this honourable company, and bind yourself to keep the good old Oligarchical oath:

> "'Hate the people—
> Spite the people—
> Do them all the harm you can.'"*

Having yelled this out to the tune of part of the burden of a popular song, Pollis drained the bowl, called on the cup-bearer to replenish it, and then pushed it along the table opposite Leon's couch, till it came close to his face. Leon sprang up, and dashing the untasted goblet on the ground, he exclaimed, "I will take no such oath! and I will not sully my lips by pledging any man, who utters such vileness. The Athenian people have been generous and true to me;

* Καὶ τῷ Δήμῳ κακόνους ἔσομαι,
Καὶ βουλεύσω ὅτ'τι ἂν ἔχω κακόν.

Aristotle in his 'Politica' (viii. g. 11) cites this as an oath actually taken in some of the Greek Oligarchies. Niebuhr, who quotes the oath, says of it that it has "a scoffing Anapæstic cadence."

and I will be true to them against both foreign foes and home-traitors!" At these words there was an almost universal uproar and tumult. The new-comers rushed towards Leon, some of them grasping daggers which they had worn concealed in their dresses, others seizing heavy candelabra as weapons. Antiphon and Kritias endeavoured to interpose; but Leon himself stood forward, and confronted his raging foes with a firmness, that for the moment awed them. "Do you," he said—"do you know so little of Leon, as to fancy that he is to be frightened by threats of violence? Back, ruffians and drunkards!—Kritias may have me slaughtered here, if he wills it, but there are those without, who knew that I was about to come here, and who know what kind of men I was likely to meet here. There will be keen inquisition made for my blood. Aye, cowards! you falter now. Kritias, I have not forgotten certain obligations which you laid on me. I now see clearly for what purpose. Still I have not forgotten them,

and I will not forget them. Fear not my making public anything that has been said or done here to-night." He then strode out of the hall. Some of the party seemed disposed to follow him. He turned and sternly ordered them back: "Return, you bloated betrayers of your country! Back, to complete your orgies."

When the tumult in the club had a little subsided, Kritias addressed his associates, and bade them be under no alarm, about what had happened that evening, "As for this false swaggerer," said he, "he shall soon be silenced, and that effectually. Meanwhile let us pour one libation more, and let us drain one bowl more. No one will refuse to pledge me when I drink 'To the rule of the right men!'"

The pledge was duly honoured, and then all went away, somewhat dissatisfied, but not venturing to disobey the chief of the association. Antiphon and Peisander remained behind for consultation with Kritias as to the steps to be taken with regard to Leon. Peisander suggested to Kritias that he and

Pāches should now denounce him as the murderer of Morsylus. Kritias replied, "It is too late for that to be done. He must be disposed of in some other manner."

"Does Leon ever walk late?" asked Antiphon in his soft and silvery voice; but, as he spoke, his eyes met those of Kritias, and each read the other's deadly purpose. Kritias made answer, "Yes, he returns late on most evenings from the house of my cousin Charmides to his own. He sometimes comes home alone. We must break the loneliness of his journey. I wish that Deinon of Rhodes were here! He is the most daring and determined fellow in the world for such a business as this."

Antiphon said: "Both Deinon and his brother will be here within four days. I had letters from them last night."

"Then let Leon look out for making some new acquaintances after nightfall, whom he will not find so manageable as Morsylus was. Meanwhile we are in no risk from him. The fool will keep his word."

While they thus conversed, the man, whom they were dooming, had reached his house. He found Lysis there waiting for him. He came forward to meet him and said: "I felt so anxious about you, that I could not rest until I had assured myself of your safety. If you had not returned in a little time, I should have gone near the house of Kritias, and watched for you."

"I was very near having deep need of a friend's assistance," replied Leon. Then, as he threw himself down on a couch in the hall, he called to the attendants: "Boy, bring a bowl of wine, and the water-jug, and two cups. You may then retire. Sit down, Lysis, I have much to tell you. I have promised not to make public what has happened to-night, but I know that secrecy on your part may be relied on as fully as on my own." He then narrated to his friend the events of the evening. Lysis listened with grave attention; and at the close, said: "You have got free from a dangerous and degrading bondage,

and so far there is cause for congratulation. But I cannot disguise from myself that, while you remain in Athens, your life is in great danger from these subtle and unscrupulous traitors."

Leon smiled and replied, "You and I, Lysis, have been accustomed to live for a long time with our lives in danger."

"Yes; but the danger in warfare from the enemy, and the danger of being secretly stabbed by your fellow-countrymen in your own city are very different things. At least you must take the precaution of not walking about unarmed, and unattended."

"What do you mean? I cannot stalk about Athens in helmet and breastplate and shield, and with a company of Hoplites marching after me."

"No; but you may carry a small cut-and-thrust sword under your plaid; and you may wear under your garment a quilted linen cuirass, such as we think of giving to our marines on board of the Revenge, and such as we wore on the night, when we broke

out from Platæa. It saved your life from Bœotian steel that night."

"I cannot wear secret armour like a tyrant. That were worse than turning aristocrat. But I will meet your wishes half way; and carry my old little sword again. It is a comfort to know that you have always the means of defending yourself, or at least of avenging yourself before you fall, if you are attacked by numbers. I wished much an hour ago for my trusty weapon. But it is near midnight. Shall we have the bowl replenished? Well, I will not detain you longer from your rest. Thanks, Lysis,—heartfelt thanks for all your kindness! Remember, the strictest secrecy is to be kept as to all that I have told you, both this morning and to-night."

"I shall not betray your confidence. But, if any attack is actually made on your life, I shall have no scruple as to what I say to Kritias or about Kritias. Farewell, brave friend! May the Athenian dagger be as powerless against you, as the Peloponnesian

and Bœotian spears! I will call for you in the morning to go to the dockyard as usual. Once more for the night farewell!"

The next day was an important one in the preparation of the Revenge. They got her at daybreak from the dry-dock into the water. Oars were got on board and fitted with thowls; the masts were stepped; and the yards with the sails bent on them were adjusted; the greater part of the running rigging was got into order; and the final arrangements were made with the crew, who were directed to muster on board and try their oars in a short pull in the harbour in three days' time. In the afternoon, after a hard day's work, Leon and Lysis went up together to Timoclea's house. Leon did not wish to be questioned about Kritias's banquet, and he therefore began to tell Evadne what his occupation had been during the morning, and he sounded the praises of his ship. Evadne listened attentively though not always quite intelligently; and she asked numerous questions about the oars, the sails,

the crew, their equipment, their weapons, and similar matters. Leon described the way in which he intended to arm and drill his marines; and, turning to Lysis, added that he should himself wear the same light armour. "I found it," he said, "protective without being cumbersome, when we had to scramble through the Peloponnesian lines at Platæa. I am afraid though, that the old linen cuirass, which guarded me so well there, is hardly serviceable now for a long campaign."

"Send it up here," said Timoclea. "I understand what is the kind of quilted corslet that you require, and I have slaves here, who possess quite skill enough to make one, if you will lend us the old one as a pattern. Evadne shall embroider it with some laurel-leaves."

"I should indeed rejoice to wear them," Leon replied, "but I must first earn laurels by some victories. I am at present, like Ajax, conspicuous chiefly for what I have done in the way of defence and retreat."

Evadne said to him: "Let me at any rate embroider it with some myrtle leaves. They are more affectionate emblems than laurels, and will serve better to remind you of me. I sometimes fear that the shade of too many laurels might chill your fondness for me."

"I would forego all the laurels in the world, Evadne, if I thought that they would drop such Lethæan dew. But let me have the myrtle leaves now and for ever. I will ask to have the laurels added on my return, if I shall have deserved them."

"Send the pattern cuirass up then to-morrow morning," said Timoclea, "and you shall soon have your new one. May we cut the old one up, or do you wish it to be taken care of, and returned?"

"I should like it to be returned," Leon replied. "It is of no value. It is rent and torn, and in one place it is nearly pierced through. But still I have some regard for it."

"Leon has good cause to be grateful to

that little piece of armour, and so have we all of us," Lysis remarked. "That place, where the cuirass is nearly pierced through, shows where a Theban javelin struck him, while he was helping me through the outer trench of the besiegers' lines at Platæa. If that old corslet had been but a very little less strongly quilted, neither Leon nor I would be sitting here now to talk over the laurels of the future."

"Oh, Leon!" exclaimed Evadne, "this is dreadful. I hope you are not going to risk yourself among those Theban javelins any more?"

Leon smiled, and replied, "I am not likely to meet with the Thebans at sea. But I trust that I may live to have a day with them on a fair field. I have a heavy account to settle with them for my father's death; and," he added with a sigh, "and for other things also."

Lysis here interposed, and reminded Leon that he had promised to be his guest for that evening. Lysis feared that Leon's new

enemies in Athens would try to assassinate him; and he was ingenious in framing plans to guard against Leon's walking home alone after dusk, but he could not always succeed. On the fifth evening after this conversation, Leon stayed late with Charmides, his sister, and aunt, at their house. No one else was there. Lysis had not been invited, and did not like to obtrude himself. The new linen cuirass had now been finished, and was brought forward with great pride by Timoclea and Evadne. They were anxious that Leon should try it on before he went away; and, willing to humour them, he went into the apartment of Charmides, and there put on the new piece of armour. It fitted admirably; and on his return into the hall Timoclea and Evadne were delighted with its appearance, and especially with the effect of the little branch of myrtle, which Evadne had embroidered on the left breast. As it was then time for Leon's departure, he did not take it off before he left Timoclea's house; but, wrapping his plaid over it, he

walked quickly towards his own home. He so far heeded the warnings of Lysis, as to keep the middle of the street, out of the immediate reach of any one, who might be lying in ambush for him at some corner or recess among the houses. But he was suddenly arrested and thrown down by a rope, which had been stretched across the road, at about a foot above the ground, and which he had not observed in the half-dark night. Before he could fully recover his footing, two men rushed on him with drawn swords, one from each side of the road, and they made two thrusts at his chest, either of which would have been fatal, had it not been for the protection given to him by the quilted linen cuirass. The force of the blows drove him back upon the ground; but, drawing the little cut-and-thrust sword, which he had carried for some days past, Leon dealt one of his assailants a deep gash across the back of the right leg immediately below the calf. The wounded man fell heavily; and, as he fell, he clung for a

moment to his accomplice. This enabled Leon to rise. The uninjured ruffian turned from him, and fled rapidly. Leon took the sword of the one who had fallen, and he raised an alarm, which soon brought some of the inhabitants of the neighbouring houses with torches to the spot. The wounded assassin was not known by any present; and he maintained a stubborn silence amid all questions and threats. Leon had his wound bound up; and, thinking from his grim obstinacy that he was likely to commit suicide, directed his hands to be carefully secured. He was then carried in to a lower room in the nearest house, and kept there till the morning. Meanwhile, the night-patrol, who had been sent for, arrived. None of them knew the prisoner; nor was it discovered who he was, before the following morning, when he was carried before the magistrates. He was then recognised and identified as a Rhodian Greek named Deinon, who had arrived in Athens with his brother Ammonius two days pre-

viously. Both of them had been in Athens before, but never for any long time together. Search was immediately made for Ammonius, but he was nowhere to be found. The description which Leon was able to give of the height and figure of the assailant, who had run away, exactly agreed with the known personal appearance of Ammonius; and it was quite clear that these two Rhodian strangers had been employed to assassinate Leon. The important matter was to find out who were their employers. Leon and Lysis had in their own minds no doubt about this; but Deinon still continued obstinately mute to all interrogatories as to who had instigated or instructed him. It was in vain that he was threatened with tortures, and that pardon was promised to him on condition of his giving such information as would bring to justice the authors of the crime. He was silent to the last. His wound, though very severe, was not considered mortal; but on the third day tetanus set in, and the assassin died, silent and loyal in his wickedness.

Lysis considered that the actual attempt on Leon's life had fully released him from all obligation to secrecy, as to what had passed at the club of the Oligarchs when Leon was there; but he was unwilling to distress Leon by giving publicity to these matters, unless he could obtain such proof, as would bring home to some member of that club the charge of plotting Leon's murder. He caused strict inquiry to be made as to where and with whom Deinon and Ammonius had passed their time in Athens, and especially whether they had been seen in company with Antiphon or Kritias, or any of their associates. No evidence of the last-mentioned description could be obtained. The men, whom Lysis knew but could not prove to be guilty, had been far too wary. But the investigation thus carried on made public the fact that the two Rhodian assassins had lodged at the house of a brother of Morsylus, the Comic Poet who had met his death after insulting Leon, as narrated in the last chapter. This had been brought about by the subtlety of Antiphon, who also

caused rumours to be extensively circulated that Leon had killed Morsylus, and that Morsylus's relatives had, in order to avenge him, caused the late attempt to be made upon Leon's life. This story was plausible, and it served to divert popular suspicion from the real plotters against Leon. But it did not deceive Lysis. He knew that Morsylus's brother was a needy, insignificant man, quite unable to procure (even if he had wished it) the deadly ministry of the two Rhodians, who were both free Greeks, and who must have been influenced either by very heavy bribes, or by very strong party-ties, such as Lysis well knew to exist among the leading Oligarchs throughout Greece. He was determined not to let his friend's life be sacrificed through its exposure to a renewed attack. He sought out Ammeas the Platæan, who had led the forlorn hope on the night when they broke out of Platæa, and whose steady courage and devoted friendship for Leon Lysis could trust as implicitly as he could trust his own. He communicated to

Ammeas such facts about Antiphon and Kritias, as sufficed to convince the Platæan of their guilt; and then he and Ammeas, after taking such further measures as they deemed necessary, sought anxiously for an opportunity of finding either Antiphon or Kritias alone. In a very few days they were successful. Kritias was leaning one morning against a column in Damon's Palæstra, apparently watching two wrestlers, but really deep in thought about the best mode of taking off Leon, when he found himself suddenly confronted by Ammeas and Lysis, each showing a half-drawn dagger beneath their robes. Kritias was as void of physical fear as any man that ever lived. His nerve was generally firm as iron; but this unlooked-for appearance and menacing aspect of the well-known friends of the man, whose murder he was meditating, startled him into momentary confusion. No one else was near. Lysis spoke in a low but distinct tone: "Listen, Kritias, and be still, till I have spoken. If before then you

stir or speak you are a dead man. You planned the attack on Leon. If it is repeated, if Leon is taken off by any kind of foul play, I will forthwith seek you out, and I will kill you, wherever you may be, and though my own death be the instant consequence."

He paused, and Kritias answered in the same low tone, but with a malignant sneer, "You are mad, Lysis. You have been thinking too much about Melanippe."

Lysis grew white with fury; but by a strong effort he mastered himself, and replied, "Not even that cruel jeer shall goad me to forget my duty to my friend, and make me play into your hands by my getting into a brawl of my own with you. If you know my private history, you know also that I am one to whom life is valueless, and who would welcome death at any moment. Nothing could guard you against such an avenger."

Ammeas added, "And think not, Kritias, to make yourself safe by beginning with Lysis. Twenty of us have taken the same

vow with him to protect or to avenge Leon. That vow will, if necessary, be taken soon by two hundred more. Murderer in heart, though not yet in act, beware!"

They turned and left him. Bold and hardened as he was, still Kritias could not help pondering on what had been threatened. He knew them both to be men whose deeds would at least equal their words. He could not help thinking that it would be unpleasant and foolish for him to have his career cut short, and all his great schemes marred, for the mere sake of the pleasure of hearing that Leon had been stabbed or poisoned. "I must find some other mode, slower perhaps, but surer of destroying this boastful braggart and his crew. I will go this evening and take counsel with Antiphon."

He found Antiphon in the evening in a state of alarm, which he vainly strove to disguise. Ammeas and Lysis had found their way to him also, and they had given him the same warning that they would seek

him out and slay him without preface, without mercy, and without regard to consequences, in the event of Leon dying unfairly. They took care also to tell him of the number of those, who had devoted themselves to the same avenging sacrifice, if required. Antiphon, with all his transcendent cleverness and daring skill, was physically a coward, an absolute and abject coward. He eagerly concurred with Kritias in determining that there should be no more direct attacks upon Leon's life; but their deadly animosity against him was unabated. Antiphon recommended that they should employ the great political influence of their club in causing some of their partisans to be appointed as Trierarchs, or officers of some kind or another on board of the squadron, which Leon was to command in the Western seas. "These friends of ours," said Antiphon, "will watch our enemy's acts, and it will be strange if something does not occur which will support a charge against him of peculation or of oppression, or of neglect of the popular in-

terests. Leon used to be extravagant, and easy-tempered, and fond of wine and women. I do not suppose that he is much altered now. At any rate, the old disposition will be sure to crop out, and that rankly, when he is far away from home, in the possession of uncontrolled, and, as he will fancy, of irresponsible power. Our friends must watch well to collect and arrange, and, if need be, to manufacture evidence against him. Depend upon it, we shall get materials for his impeachment. A few bribes will soon bring forward some of the noisiest demagogues as his accusers. You and I need not show ourselves in the business. It will be delicious revenge, if we can get him condemned and sent to drink the hemlock by his own dearly-beloved democracy."

"Yes," replied Kritias, "Euripides might well call it Divine revenge. It would be like that which, in his tragedy a few years ago, he represented God Bacchus enjoying, when the Deity's enemy, Pentheus, was destroyed by his own mother."

This was the line of action against Leon, which his enemies determined to follow. Meanwhile his friends were unceasing in their vigilance over his safety against the immediate dangers which they naturally apprehended. Lysis obtained an interview with Timoclea, in which he explained to her the peril, that Leon incurred during his usual solitary walk at evening or night from her house to his own. They both felt certain that it would be useless to endeavour to persuade Leon to take armed attendants with him; and they agreed that the best course would be, that Lysis should have a general invitation to accompany his friend every afternoon to Timoclea's house, and that he should always leave it together with him. Lysis, in returning to his own house, would have to pass that of Leon, so that he never need leave him till he was in safety. "There will be no difficulty now," said Lysis, "in getting him to wear Evadne's cuirass, and his sword. I shall also wear arms under my dress: and two armed soldiers,

one of whom at least will be on the look-out against assailants, cannot be surprised and overpowered in a street, before they can make resistance and noise enough to bring assistance. Besides, the patrols will be more vigilant now along our quarters of the city. I know that Ischomachus has been vehemently haranguing, and memorialising the authorities about it."

Ischomachus had indeed been active in this practical precaution in Leon's behalf, and he had also been elaborately attentive and copious in condolences, congratulations, and advice. Leon and Lysis were careful not to say a word to him or to any member of Evadne's family respecting their belief that Evadne's cousin, Kritias, had taken part in the plot against Leon's life. Ischomachus actually consulted Kritias about the best mode of protecting Leon. The answer that he received was not very edifying.

Evadne's feelings, when she heard of the attempted assassination of her lover, had at first been the wildest terror and grief, soon

followed by joy at his escape, which was intensely augmented, when she found that the cuirass, which she had worked for him, had saved his life. She easily obtained from him a promise to wear it habitually, while he was in a city, where his life seemed to be in so much danger, at least until those enemies were discovered and punished.

All but one of their numerous relatives and connections came in due form to congratulate Charmides on the approaching betrothal of his sister, and on the wonderful escape of his future brother-in-law from assassination. The one absent was Kritias. His absence caused little surprise. He had for a long time been a stranger to the house. Timoclea had heard so many rumours about his character, both public and private, that she disliked and discountenanced him. Charmides, though he and Kritias often met as hearers of Socrates, shared Timoclea's feelings respecting him. He had indeed more than once heard Socrates sternly rebuke him for his profligacy and selfishness. Evadne

had never met him but once; and she had then shrunk from him with that instinctive horror, which the pure and the good often feel at the very approach of beings so steeped in vice and crime as Kritias. His want of proper ceremonious courtesy to the family was a sufficient reason to allege to the formal Ischomachus, for omitting his name from the list of those invited to witness the public betrothment. No further adventure or calamity happened before the morning of that important ceremony.

CHAPTER IV.

Duke. Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you. You must, therefore, be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Othello. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardness; and do undertake
These present wars.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello, Act* I. *Scene* 3.

Men förvågen Viking rädes
Ei så lätt på tröfast ek.
Står vid styret sjelf, och glädes
Åt de vilda vindars-lek.
Hårdare han seglen fäster;
Skarpare han vågen skär.
Rakt i vester, rakt i vester
Skall det gå, hvärt böljan bär.

TEGNER. *Firthiof.*

But the Sea-King dauntless standing
On his true oak, holds his way.
And the helm himself commanding
Joys to see the tempests play.

Tight he hauls the sheet—swift, swifter
Cuts the galley through the sea;
And, whatever billow lift her,
Westward flies she fast and free.

THE ceremonies and formalities of the betrothal were all correctly and satisfactorily completed. Even Ischomachus himself could not complain of anything being imperfect or undignified. All present received a proper invitation from Leon to the wedding feast on that day month; and Ischomachus, as guardian of the betrothed lady, elaborately besought all to honour him by their presence at a sacrificial festival, to be prepared by him on the day preceding the wedding. The chorus of congratulations and compliments had hardly subsided, when Leon and Lysis received an urgent message from the Board of War, desiring them to come to the assembled generals at the Town Hall as speedily as possible. Aristippus suggested that Nicias and some others of the members of the Board, who knew of the ceremony of the day, had prepared an agree-

able surprise for Leon, and were about to inform him, that he would not be required to sail on the Sicilian command until a month or two later than had been expected. Leon and Lysis both thought it probable that they would receive some announcement of the kind; but, on their appearing before the Board, they heard very different intelligence. A messenger had come in that morning from Naupactus on the Corinthian Gulf, who had with great difficulty and danger made his way overland through Ætolia, Phocis, and Bœotia into Attica. He brought the heavy knews that Phormio, the great Athenian admiral, had died of fever at Naupactus, and that it was indispensably necessary that an officer of zeal, ability, and authority should be instantly sent out to replace him. The need of troops and ships was not so great, as of a chief who could restore confidence and union to the dismayed and discordant adherents of Athens in those regions, and who could promptly counteract the machinations of her enemies. In this

emergency the Board of War had bethought themselves of Leon; and they now implored him to sacrifice his private feelings to the public good, and to render an important service to his country, by instantly sailing for the Corinthian Gulf, with full powers over all the fleets and forces and allies of Athens in that sea, and along its coasts. Leon told them of the domestic event of that very morning, and of his marriage being fixed for that day month. But Nicias, the president of the Board, replied that he and his colleagues were already aware of those facts, and had consequently felt great difficulty and regret in requesting him to sail for immediate service; but that they had no one else, whose activity, promptitude, and judgment they could equally rely on, in the sudden and urgent difficulty, which had arisen. They knew that his galley, the Revenge, was fully equipped and manned, and ready for sea; and they proposed to place also under his command four other galleys which were in readiness.

They wished that one of these should be commanded by Lysis. Nicias faithfully promised, in behalf of himself and his colleagues, that a large squadron, under some other commander, should be sent into the Corinthian Gulf within a month at latest, and that on its arrival at Naupactus Leon should be free to return to Athens, and that he should be sure of being allowed to remain there for at least three months before he was required to sail for Sicily. Plied vehemently with entreaties, panegyrics, and promises, Leon at last consented to take the command that was pressed on him, and to sail as soon as the five galleys and their crews could be got afloat in fit condition to cope with the inclement weather that still prevailed. Lysis declined the independent command of a galley that was offered to him. He told the board that he preferred to serve as Leon's lieutenant; and Nicias, who knew that Lysis had great influence over Leon, and saw that he was advising him to embark on the expedition to Naupactus, consented that

Lysis should remain in his post of second officer of the Revenge.

On leaving the Board of War, Leon's first duty was of course to go to Evadne, and explain to her the change that had been made in his movements, and the consequent changes that must be made in the arrangements for their marriage. The task of explanation was not easy or agreeable. Evadne thought that she was slighted; and she felt all the greater amount of displeasure, because her pride and maidenly modesty prevented her from expressing her disappointment. Leon saw that she was vexed, and he thought that she was sullen. As a matter of course, he became himself both vexed and sullen. He left the seat which he had taken at Evadne's side, and paced moodily up and down the further end of the apartment. Lysis (who had accompanied him to Timoclea's house) took advantage of the opportunity to speak a few words to Evadne unheard by Leon. "Evadne," he said, "do not be angry with Leon. I am principally

to blame about this voyage, if there is blame at all. But you will see, on a moment's reflection, that the voyage will probably save Leon's life; and you will then, I am sure, join with me in recommending it. You know that he is at present exposed in Athens to daily and hourly risk from the daggers of assassins. He will be in no such peril at Naupactus. There is not likely to be even any fighting there. It is the head, and not the hand, that is needed in those regions now. Before we return, the mystery of the attack made on his life here will certainly have been cleared up, and he will then dwell here in safety for the three months' respite from war duty, which Nicias has promised him. Believe me, all is for the best. Let me see him and you good friends again, before I leave you this afternoon."

"I think you are right," said Evadne. She then walked to where Leon was still stalking in dignified animosity, and gently laying her hand on his arm, she said:

"Leon, forgive me. I see that as a patriot and a hero, you must act as you propose to act; and I would not that my Leon should be aught but a patriot and a hero. But you yourself, Leon, would not have liked me to hear with indifference such an announcement as you just now made. Do not be angry with me. I will try in future to have more heroism, and, not to have less love, but to keep my love under more control."

Leon had heard her out in silence. Not that he was obdurate against her words, but because her words were so delicious to him, that he would not lose a syllable of them. Even before she spoke, her gesture, and the fond, mournful expression of her innocent, loving face had charmed away all his moody displeasure. It was now his turn to supplicate forgiveness for unwarrantable anger,—supplication that was little likely to be unsuccessful. Lysis now took his departure, and hastened down to the Peiræus, to collect the other officers and the crew of the Revenge, and to prepare for their speedy

departure. It was also necessary to see the captains of the other galleys, that were to sail with them, and to fix a time for leaving Athens. For this purpose a council of war was appointed to be held at Leon's house that evening. Lysis arranged this with Leon before he left him; and he also obtained a promise from his commander that he would follow him down to the dockyard in an hour's time.

That intervening hour was a period of deep happiness to Leon and Evadne; but still it was to Evadne a little chequered by thoughts of their speedy parting. Leon gently reproved her for the tears which he saw rising in her eyes; but she replied, "I cannot help it, Leon. You must not be angry with me. It does appear to me so hard to lose you so soon. The Fates seem to be making me feel a wife's sorrows by anticipation. At least it is so, if Sophocles is right about the peculiar happiness of the Girl, and the peculiar wretchedness of the Wife. Do you recollect the passage, Leon?

It is a speech of Deidamia's in the Tragedy of 'The Trachinian Women.'"

"I remember seeing the Tragedy, but I cannot now call to mind the passage which you allude to."

"I will show it to you. My brother Charmides admired it so much, that he copied it out and gave it to me. Here it is."

Evadne, as she spoke, handed to Leon a volume of papyrus, on which her brother had written out for her many of the most beautiful parts in the dramas, which had been brought on the Athenian stage during the last few years. The passage, which Evadne now pointed out to Leon, was entitled,

THE GIRL AND THE WIFE.

The young thing 'mid fresh fields and pastures new
Liveth and rangeth at its own sweet will.
It feareth not the heat o' the summer sun,
The rainstorm, or the wintry tempest's rages.
All high in hope, and undepressed in spirit
It grows in toilless innocent delights,
Until the hour comes, when the maiden's name

Is changed for that of Wife. *Then* she receives
Her share of anxious agonizing thought,
Lying awake through the long weary night
In terror for a son's or husband's fate.*

Leon read the lines, and said, with a smile: "This is rather a gloomy picture of married life, at least for the lady. I hope that you will for many long years find by experience how very inaccurate Deidamia was in this fancy-sketch of matrimony."

"Oh, Leon! I hope so, too; and if it were not for these dreadful wars, and expeditions, and fights, and starvations, and storms, and stabbings, I should feel quite sure of it. Do you think that the Athenians and the Spartans will never have the sense to leave off making their own wives and each other's wives miserable? Why cannot they live quietly in their own homes at peace, and why cannot we do the same?"

"I am afraid that there is little chance of

* Τὸ γὰρ Νεάζον ἐν τοιοῖσδε βόσκεται
Χώροις, ἵν' αὐτοῦ. Κάι νιν οὐ θάλπος Θεοῦ,
Οὐδ' ὄμβρος, οὐδὲ πνευμάτων οὐδὲν κλονεῖ.
Ἀλλ' ἡδοναῖς ἄμοχθον ἐζαίρει βίον. κ.τ.λ.
SOPHOC. *Trachiniæ*, 144.

that for some time to come. And you must remember, Evadne, that had it not been for the war and the slight distinctions, which I have been so fortunate as to obtain in it, you would probably never have seen me, or have heard of me. I am sure that you would not have loved me as you do now."

"That is true, Leon, to some extent. I believe that I should have loved you, whenever, and wherever we had met. But I should not have adored you, as I now do, if I had not known you to be our King of men, our Bravest of the Brave. I suppose I must thank the war for having given me a husband; but it is very hard of the war to take him away from me so soon."

"The war, Evadne, *gives* me to my country and to honour. It *lends* me to you."

"Then I am sure that I have a right to complain of the war, for putting me on such an inferior footing. But I will not tease you, Leon, by seeming discontented. You will be sure to be here this evening, when you return from the dockyard?"

"I cannot promise. There is to be a council of war of the captains, who serve with me, and they may detain me late. But I will be sure to be here early in the morning. I must now hasten down to Peiræus, or all the crew will follow my example, and grow laggards. Farewell, dear Evadne!"

"Farewell, dearest Leon! I will not ask you to come here late, as I fear that the assassins still watch for you. Take much care of yourself, Leon, and have a little thought of poor Evadne."

"I will reverse the proportions. I will try, also, to get my captains together this afternoon, and then I can be with you in the evening. Once more—farewell!"

Farewell, my love. Again we meet,
Again we meet at set of sun.
One kiss upon thy forehead, sweet—
Yet on thy lip another one.
Sleep now awhile to dream of me;
Then wake, the tedious hours to tell,
To think of me, to long for me,
As I for thee. Farewell—farewell!

As he quoted these words from a now

lost Greek Lyric (which has been partly reproduced by a modern Swedish poet *) Leon suited the action to the word, and then walked rapidly down to the seaside, where Lysis and the greater part of his crew were anxiously expecting his arrival.

The Revenge herself was quite ready to sail within forty-eight hours; although the unexpectedly early date, at which she was to start, made it necessary to engage fresh hands in lieu of about twenty of her crew, who were unable or unwilling to embark so much sooner than the time, on which they had calculated. Lysis and the master boatswain pledged their words to Leon, that the ship should have her complement before the next evening; and Leon determined that he would sail in the Revenge at noon on the second day, even if none of her consorts were ready to accompany her. The captains of the other ships of his squadron were at the docks, each busy in ascertaining the state of forwardness of his vessel and crew;

* Tegner.

and Leon, as soon as he satisfied himself about the Revenge, collected his captains and the other principal officers, and made a personal inspection of each galley. Two ships—the Eris and the Hippolyta—were fit for immediate service, and drafts of oarsmen from the guardships could be at once placed in them. The other two vessels, which were to make up the squadron, could not be fitted for sea under at least ten days. Orders were accordingly given for the crews of the Revenge, the Hippolyta, and the Eris to be on board of their vessels at two hours after sunrise on the next day but one. They were to put to sea at noon. The other two ships were to follow round to Naupactus as speedily as might be practicable.

It was still the wintry season, and, though no heavy gale was blowing, the sky was lowering, and there were signs that threatened foul weather. Fortunately for Evadne, she did not understand atmospheric prognostics, and she was much comforted on the morning when her betrothed lover was about to sail

by observing a still, though gloomy sky, and by being told that the sea was waveless, though a considerable swell was rolling in from the south-west. She had worked hard at embroidering the long streamer, that was to wave over the quarter-deck of the Revenge,* and when Leon parted from her, she placed the flag in his hands with a kiss for both the banner and the bearer, and she succeeded in restraining her tears till her lover had left the house; she then fainted, and remained for hours in paroxysms of grief, which required the sedulous attention of both Timoclea and Arēte.

Precisely at the appointed time the Revenge, the Eris, and the Hippolyta, left the harbour, and pulled out to sea. Their naval camp for the first night was on the friendly Argolic territory, but after this they had to land every evening on some promontory or islet along the hostile coast of Laconia. Leon wished to keep his voyage as secret, as well as to make it as rapid as possible, and he

* See Vol. II., p. 182 *suprà*.

therefore would not permit any pillaging of villages. After the third day of their being at sea, the weather grew much worse, with a strong head-wind from due south, and a heavy sea. It was obvious that the ships would find it difficult to weather the promontory of Malea; and the fatigue of continued rowing against a head sea began to tell severely on the crews, especially on those of the Eris and the Hippolyta, which were inferior in quality to the picked men on board of the Revenge, and who also had not been at all trained to work together. On the morning of the day, when they were to double Cape Malea, Leon had the course of the Revenge shaped well eastward, so as to gain a good offing. The other galleys, as their speed was far less than that of the admiral galley, sought to keep up with her by moving in a smaller curve, and consequently keeping nearer to the shore. When the Eris was just off the formidable promontory, a sudden squall caught her, against which she tried vainly to bear up, and she

had not sufficient sea room to leeward to allow her to slant her course in that direction. Lying in the trough of the sea, the long, low, narrow galley was completely at the mercy of the waves, which made a clean breach over her, and swept the rowers away from their benches. Her light, buoyant fabric enabled her to keep partly above water for some time, but her rowing galleries and the rest of her upper works were crushed and washed away by the heavy seas that continued to break over her, the pumps were destroyed or choked, the hull gradually filled, and in about a quarter of an hour the Eris, with all her hands, foundered in sight of her consorts. The Captain of the Hippolyta, whose ship was a little to the north-east, and therefore not so perilously near the land, as the Eris had been, on seeing his consort's fate, did not attempt to double the Cape, but got his ship round, though at great risk and difficulty, and then he ran before the wind back for Athens. The Revenge, in consequence of Leon's precautions, had given the rocks on

her lee a good wide berth, and when the squall from the south came down, she was able to steer sufficiently northward, to avoid the peril of broaching to, and yet had room enough, though barely room enough, to dart safely by the extreme point of the Cape. The wind now shifted a point or two from the east, and Leon, whose men were almost exhausted by the severity of their work at the oar, set a small sail on each of the masts. This enabled him to hold a westward course round the south of Peloponnesus, though the greatest care and the most skilful seamanship were required throughout the day to work the ship in safety round that perilous coast. When he had once gained the western side of Peloponnesus, his voyage was easy, as the wind continued to blow from the south-east, and he reached Naupactus safely, to the great joy of the Athenians there, and of all who favoured the Athenian cause.

Meanwhile, the Hippolyta had run back before the gale to Athens, bringing the melancholy tidings of the total loss of the

Eris and her crew, and of having parted company with the Revenge, when she was in extreme peril. The commander and the master of the Hippolyta naturally magnified the danger, in order to justify their own conduct in putting back. The alarm felt at Athens about the fate of Leon and his chosen crew was very great; and though Charmides did all in his power to prevent the evil rumours coming to the ears of Timoclea and his sister, he could not entirely succeed, and Evadne heard enough to plunge her for some weeks into very deep misery and terror. Her best comforters were Aristippus and Stilpo. Stilpo took trouble to ascertain from some of the Hippolyta's crew what was the exact position of the Revenge, when they last saw her, and which way she was heading. He found that she was well to windward off Cape Malea, and that she was shaping her course in what he knew to be her safest direction. He explained all this earnestly and repeatedly to Charmides, Timoclea, and Evadne; and he dwelt on Leon's well-known seamanship,

on the long experience of his sailing-master, and the general excellence of his crew. He told them that he himself had carefully inspected the Revenge, and had been in her on some of her trial trips; and that he never had seen a vessel better found, better rigged, or more able to live through either an occasional squall or a long gale. His words somewhat reassured his hearers; but Evadne was a stranger to confidence or happiness, until a vessel arrived from Naupactus with despatches and letters from Leon. She had been long in coming. Two messengers, whom Leon had sent overland, had been unable to make their way into Attica, and nearly two months had passed before Evadne knew that her betrothed lover was safe at Naupactus; at the same time the Athenian Senate learned from him that all peril to the interests of the commonwealth in that quarter was at an end.

The Board of War, to whom these despatches were referred, immediately summoned Leon home, not on account of the promise

of a season of rest, which had been made to him, but by reason of the urgent need, which the State had of his services in another part of the Athenian dominions. A few weeks after Leon sailed, the alarming news had come to Athens of the revolt of her most valuable subject-ally the City of Mytilene,—a revolt that appeared to involve the loss of the whole island of Lesbos, and to threaten the ruin of the Athenian empire in the East. The first Athenian general, who acted against Mytilene, conducted his operations feebly and unsuccessfully. There was reason to expect that other cities and islands would soon follow the example of revolt; and it was known that the Lacedæmonians and their allies were preparing to send a large fleet across the Ægean Sea, which was to aid the Mytilenæans, and to co-operate with all the numerous subject-allies of Athens in the East, who were discontented with her rule, and who were ripe for revolt as soon as they could see a chance of defying her with safety.

In this very serious peril the Athenians

equipped a large armament for the speedy reduction of the rebellious city, and gave the chief command of it to Pāches. He was known to be bold, skilful, and prompt in operations; and his general character for being unscrupulous, cruel, and licentious, weighed little on the present occasion with the Athenians, who were incensed in the highest degree against the Mytilenæans, and who were indignant also with their own general Clëippides, who had entered into negotiations with the revolters, in which they had thoroughly duped him, and had obtained time for strengthening their fortifications.

Some, however, of the more prudent Athenian statesmen saw that, besides the immediate reduction of the revolted city, for which task the coarse energy of Pāches was well suited, there would probably be work to do in the East, which would require a commander of more political skill, of more courteous and winning manners. When the news arrived of Leon being safe at Naupactus,

and of the successful manner in which, without any bloodshed, he had accomplished his mission in the West, Athenians of all parties felt at once that he was the right man to be sent to the scenes of danger and difficulty, which were now opening in the East. A vote was accordingly immediately proposed and carried in the Assembly, by which Leon was associated in command with Pāches; and he was to be summoned home without delay, in order that he might lead the reinforcements, which by that time would be in readiness for the Athenian fleets in the Ionian waters.

A fast galley was immediately sent round to Naupactus with despatches and letters for Leon; and a Locrian refugee was also employed as a messenger, to try to make his way to Naupactus overland, with a short letter in cypher, which contained the heads of the necessary intelligence. The Locrian succeeded in passing across the part of Bœotia, and across the other territories along the north of the Corinthian Gulf, until he

reached the station of Leon's squadron. Within a fortnight from the time of his being appointed by the Assembly to the new command in the East, Leon was on his voyage to Athens,—glad at his recall from Naupactus,—a little vexed to think that he would have to leave Evadne again so soon; but on the whole, much gratified at the brilliant prospects, which seemed to be opening to him.

Evadne heard with rapturous joy of her lover's safety, and of his expected speedy arrival at Athens; but she repined bitterly again, when Aristippus and Arēte (who brought her the first intelligence) told her also that he would have to sail almost immediately on his new Ionian command. Evadne exclaimed passionately: "This is merely tantalising me with glimpses of happiness! No sooner do I hear that he has escaped death in the West, than I am told that he is to be exposed to storms, and mutinies, and barbarians, and Lacedæmonians and all kinds of horrors in the East. I

know that we shall never be married. How I wish that this wicked war was over; or that Athens would let the Mytilenæans alone!"

Aristippus consoled her a little by assuring her that all idea of sending an expedition to Sicily that year was abandoned; and that Leon, as soon as the revolt in Lesbos was quelled, would return, and would be at home for the rest of the year. She knew that Aristippus was always well-informed on matters of State, though he professed to take no interest in them; she knew also that his word could always be trusted: for it was a fixed maxim with the Cyrenaic philosopher that "Lies do not pay;" that in point of utility a character for veracity is more valuable than the immediate advantages to be derived from any number of fictions.

Leon had fair weather, and made a rapid voyage round Peloponnesus to Peiræus. Great was the joy at Athens, when the arrival of the Revenge in the harbour was announced.

There had been no certainty as to when the message of recall would reach Leon; and it had been thought probable that more than another month might elapse before his return. He at once reported himself to the Board of War; and in answer to their earnest inquiries as to when he could sail for Mytilene, he replied that his galley and his crew would be ready for fresh service in three days; and that he then would make his way through the Ægean for Lesbos as rapidly as possible, without waiting for any more ships to take with him. He added, somewhat proudly, "There is not a galley in the navy, that can keep up with my Revenge, unless perhaps it may be the Paralus and the Salaminia, and I hear that they have been sent on towards Ionia already." The Board gladly expressed their acknowledgments of Leon's activity and zeal; though, as he told them, their praises were chiefly due to his energetic lieutenant, Lysis. Within the appointed time the Revenge was ready for sea. Evadne had in vain

scolded Lysis for his industry in equipping her so soon. She had, however, the consolation this time of seeing her lover set sail with a favourable breeze, over a gentle sea. Leon had soothed her by the vow so often made, now as well as in the olden time, by the sea-going lover to the girl he leaves behind him, the promise

> That this trip, if well ended,
> Should coil up his hopes, and he'd anchor a shore.

Alas! how seldom is that promise realized. Could Evadne have looked, like Reullura, over the distant seas, and have seen "Far rowers dip their oars beneath the sun;"—could she have known the meeting, that there would be, when Leon's ship had borne him near the Ionian coast,—she would have clung to her lover at any risk, at any sacrifice, and never have suffered him to leave her behind him living on the Athenian shore.

CHAPTER V.

Phaselus iste, quem videtis, hospites,
Ait fuisse navium celerrimus;
Neque ullius natantis impetum trabis
Nequisse prœterire, sive palmulis
Opus foret volare, sive linteis.

CATULLUS.

Sed Graiis habiles pugnamque lacessere pinus
Et tentare fugam, nec longo frangere gyro
Rursum, nec tardè flectenti cedere clavo.

LUCAN. *Phars.* iii. 554.

Ast aliæ latere atque incussi roboris ictu
Detergent remos: áliæ per viscera pinus
Tramissis ipso retinentur vulnere rostris
Quo retinent.

SIL. ITAL. xiv. 381.

LEON's boast before the Board of War about his galley's swiftness was well-founded; and she was equally good under sail, as with her oars. Much of this was due to the beauty

of her build, and the skill with which she had been rigged; but it was far more due to the care, with which Leon, during the two voyages round Peloponnesus, had exercised his men at all the duties that could possibly devolve on them when on ship-board. He had attended as sedulously to their training in the use of their weapons, as to their training at the oar, and the other branches of seamanship. The Revenge was thoroughly well found in tackle and warlike stores of every kind: and there had been no stint in drills and sham-fights, from any desire to economise javelins, or arrows, or weapons of any description. During the two days for which the Revenge had lain in harbour at Athens, all deficiencies had been made good; and, when the crowd that had come down to Peiræus, to witness her departure, lost sight of her as she rounded the east of Salamis, the general expression was: "There goes the finest ship, the best crew, and the ablest commander that Athens ever sent forth!"

Leon knew that the enemy's fleet, under

the Spartan Admiral Alcidas had left the Peloponnesian harbour of Gytheum, on its voyage to Ionia; and he knew the probability of his falling in with some part of it. But he was ready to give battle to straggling galleys, and he was too confident in the speed of the Revenge, to fear capture, if he encountered the mass of the enemy. There was a report that Alcidas was sailing slowly through the Cyclades; and as Leon judged it desirable to obtain, if possible, some certain information as to the direction and the strength of the hostile fleet, he took the Revenge through those islands, intending when he should have passed them, to steer to the north-east by Chios for Mytilene. The third day of his voyage gave him that acquaintance with part of the enemy, which he and all his officers and crew had so ardently desired.

The Revenge had been moored for the preceding night off the north-western coast of the island of Myconos, and the crew had gone on shore, and supped there, and slept

under their light tents as usual. At daybreak the regular rations of bread and salt-fish and wine and water were served out for breakfast, and by an hour after sunrise the tents and other gear were all stowed away in the galley's hold, the men were all on board, and the Revenge was out in deep water. What little wind there was came from the north-west, but it was almost a calm, and all hands were at the oars pulling steadily out to sea, so as to get a good offing round the promontory, near which they had taken their station on the preceding evening. By the time that they had doubled the cape, the wind had freshened considerably. The galley was put about with her head north-north-east, and Leon ordered the sails to be set, and the people to be taken off the oars. The yards were braced round, so as to set the sails nearly at right-angles to the vessel's course, and the long light galley heeled over beneath the spread of canvas, till the rowlocks of her starboard upper gallery nearly dipped in the sea. As the wind increased, the sails

were reefed, the sheets were kept clean, and they were minded by some of the best hands in the ship, ready to be eased off, or to be let go instantly, on the approach of one of the well-known white squalls of the Ægean. Good look-out men were sent to the tops, and to the forecastle. Two first-rate helmsmen took the duty aft. The greater part of the ship's company sate or stretched themselves at their ease along the weather side of the ship, not a little proud of the pace, at which the saucy Revenge dashed through the blue water, and sent up silvery showers of sparkling spray over her bows. One of the crew, who was near the forecastle, extemporised some verses, and sang them to his messmates who were near him.

SEA SONG.

The Zephyrs rise,—the Pennon flies—
The swallow plumes her wing,—
Again from shore with sail and oar
The joyous galleys spring.
Light clouds on high streak, as they fly,
Fathomless gulfs of blue.
As bright below the broad waves glow
With purple wine-cup's hue.

Our good ship is the famed Revenge,—
Our captain is bold Leon;
Before the breeze, through the Cyclades,
We've frothed the clear Ægæan.
Soon Mytilene's mutineers
Shall mourn amid our slaughters,
That Dorian fleet their prayer to greet
E'er stained Ionian waters.

Now nor'ard steer: the breeze comes freer—
The yards and cordage creak—
Our canvas wide braced sharp aside
Spreads for its kiss the cheek.
How true and fast, with sloping mast,
And leeward gunwale low,
We bound along, while billows strong
Bend to us as we go.

Look out, look out, my maintop-man!
Look through the driving gale:
Is yonder speck a Lesbian deck,
Or comes a Spartan sail?
Woe to the foe that meets our prow,
We'll charge in vengeful splendour;
We'll slay her ranks,—we'll crush her planks,
And to the bottom send her!

Leon and Lysis were standing near the steerage, talking about how long it would probably be, before they reached Lesbos, if the ship kept on the same rate of sailing. Suddenly their attention was called by a signal

from the man at the mainmast-head, who sung out, "Ship a-head!" They waited a little time, and then called to the look-out man to tell them, "What is she? What is her course?" In a few minutes the answer was: "Large ship under sail, — coming down before the wind."

"A corn-ship most likely," said Leon. Perhaps she may bring us news. At any rate we may warn her about Alcidas."

At this moment the call from the top again was heard: "Two ships on the lee-bow,—under bare poles."

Leon and Lysis immediately went up to the top, and looking hard towards the quarter, which the seaman pointed to them, they made out the faint outlines of four masts, and two long low black streaks, that were visible at intervals, and then disappeared for a few moments as the waves rose and fell. They were evidently war-galleys. "Enemies!" said Leon to his companion, in a low tone. "We have despatched no cruisers this way, and Pāches cannot have

sent his ships straggling away so far from the blockade."

Lysis replied: "Would the Peloponnesian ships venture in these seas by only two at a time?"

As he spoke, the seaman on watch by them, whose eyes were keener than theirs, called out again: "Three more ships on the lee-quarter,—no sails up!"

Leon and Lysis looked hard and long, and at last saw clearly that there were three more war-galleys about a mile or so to the westward of the two, which they had first seen. There was no longer any doubt about part of the enemy's fleet being near them. Leon and Lysis went down to the quarter-deck, and in a few minutes talked over their plan of action. There was no fear about the Revenge being unable to get clear away, if they chose to avoid the enemy; but the Athenian captain and his lieutenant both desired to see a little more of the strangers, before they parted from them; and they indulged also in the hope that they might

catch one of the Peloponnesian ships at such a distance from the rest, that she might be sunk, or, at least, materially damaged, before her consorts could aid her. It was determined also on board of the Revenge to give all possible help and protection to the merchant-man, which continued to bear rapidly down towards them from the northward.

This supposed corn-ship was the Epicuria, on board of which Atalanta and Diphilus were at last returning from the Euxine through the Ægean, as they thought, to Athens. It had been late in the spring before they reached Sinope, after their adventures and perils along the northern and eastern coasts of the Euxine Sea; and a considerable delay at Sinope had been unavoidable, before Atalanta and Diphilus could safely and secretly obtain possession of the buried treasure, and could store it privately on board of the Epicuria. This was at last effected. The gold was fastened up in strong chests, which were said to contain arms, and these were placed under packages

of deer-skins and other hides of rarity and value, which were purchased at Sinope, as part of the Epicuria's back cargo to Athens. On their voyage home they touched at Byzantium, and they there learned that half the garrison of Platæa, with their Athenian general at their head, had made their way out of the town through the besiegers' lines, and had escaped to Athens some months ago. This intelligence relieved Atalanta from her long pressing anxiety about Leon's safety; but she was still perplexed and harassed by doubts and wonderings as to what might have been his subsequent movements, and as to what part of the Athenian empire she was likely to find him in. She determined to continue her voyage to Athens itself, where she would be reasonably certain of finding him, or of learning where else he was to be found. The revolt of the Mytilenæans was known at Byzantium when the Epicuria lay there, and it was known also that the Athenian armament engaged in blockading the re-

volted city had been largely reinforced. Nothing was known about the expected presence of a Peloponnesian fleet in the Ionian waters. Still Diphilus thought it prudent to keep the Epicuria up to her full fighting strength. He hired some good hands at Byzantium to replace the Olbian Greeks, who there left the Epicuria, in order to return to their own city by one of the ships, that were sailing thither to take in cargoes of corn. The Olbians were liberally paid and rewarded; and, at taking leave of Diphilus and Atalanta, they begged and obtained a javelin from the latter, which they intended to hang up with offerings of their own in the shrine of the hero Achilles at the isle of Leuce, as the weapon of the valiant Athanas, whom Achilles himself had inspired, and had blessed with victory in nine combats with the barbarians.

The Epicuria left Byzantium with a complement of ninety hands, of whom half were able-bodied slaves, well trained to work the sweeps. The rest were freemen of various

states, and nearly all Greeks. They could all do their duty in navigating the ship under sail, or in pulling, and they were also all well provided with boarding-pikes, cutlasses, slings, and javelins, which they were thoroughly able to use. "No privateering Penteconter shall capture us," said Diphilus. "And it is not every Trireme that could come up with us on a wind, or that could board and carry us, even if she got alongside. Our superior height would give us an advantage, that would pretty well make up for the difference in numbers."

The Epicuria was running down for the south-west with all her canvas spread, and she had the wind free, when she sighted first Leon's ship, which, when first seen, had its sails spread, and afterwards the five galleys, that were pulling northwards under bare poles. Diphilus and those with him supposed all the six galleys to be Athenian, and they took no special precaution on approaching them, though the old Megarian seaman always kept everything

on board the Epicuria ready for action, or any other emergency, at very short notice.

The five galleys, which had made their appearance that morning on the lee bow and quarter of the Revenge, were (as Leon and Lysis rightly conjectured) part of the Lacedæmonian fleet, which had been sent out under the Spartan admiral Alcidas to help the revolted Mytilenæans, and to raise the siege with which they were being pressed by the Athenians. Alcidas, though personally and physically brave, was destitute of moral courage, and oppressed by a sense of responsibility for the safe management of the fleet, that was committed to his charge. He firmly believed in the superiority of the Athenians at sea, and thought that if he fell in with an Athenian squadron in the Ægean, he would have to sacrifice his ships in an inevitable defeat, and lose all chance of relieving Mytilene. He had consequently, instead of striking right across the Ægean for Lesbos, gone round by the Southern Cyclades, and he had wasted much

valuable time in exploring his way, and in seeking for tidings of what the Athenian navy was doing. Some of his more energetic officers persuaded him to let them form an advanced squadron of five of the fastest galleys, and push forward a little more quickly. As he had now reached a point, at which he was obliged to steer northwards across a more open sea, Alcidas consented, but gave the captains of the advanced squadron strict orders to sail back instantly towards him, if they fell in with any considerable number of Athenian war-ships. These five advanced ships of the Peloponnesians were the galleys seen from the Revenge. The two that were first seen were an Elean galley called the Pēro, and a Corinthian galley called the Autonomia, or (to use the English word) the Independence. The three other galleys, that were a little astern of their two consorts, were the Bellerophon, a ship of Corinth, and the Helena and the Hermione, from Gythium, in Laconia.

The Peloponnesians had made out the

masts and sails of both the Epicuria and the Revenge, before their own bare poles and hulls had been visible to those on board of the Athenian ships. The Peloponnesians thought at first that they had two merchantmen to deal with, for they did not think it possible for a war galley to sail so close to the wind, as the Revenge was sailing. They expected to find easy prizes, and pulled towards them as briskly as the head sea would allow. The Pēro and the Independence took and kept the lead; the Bellerophon and the two Laconian ships followed at an interval of rather more than a mile.

Leon saw the enemy's galleys veer round and make towards him. He then lay to, and ordered the sails of the Revenge to be promptly furled, and the yards lowered, and all made ready for action. Leon told his men to pull quietly towards the merchantman, that was now fast nearing them from the northward. "Take it easy, my men," said he. "We shall have to try your

strength and your wind soon, when we begin to tackle some of these Dorians that are straining after us. Meanwhile, let them tire themselves, and we will keep fresh."

As the Revenge neared the Epicuria, Leon and Lysis were surprised at the unusual shape and appearance of the supposed merchantman. "Why, she looks half like a man-of-war, or a pirate," said Leon. His sailing-master was within hearing, and said: "She used to be a pirate, and, perhaps, has not forgotten her trade. I know her well. She was captured from the Tyrrhenians; and she sailed last autumn from the Peiræus, with a queer crew on board, to fetch corn and hides from the Euxine, as was reported; but many of us believed that she was going to play her old tricks on a new stage. That old corsair, Diphilus, of Megara, who has been banished from his native city, was her sailing-master."

"Diphilus!" said Leon. "How came he to sail from an Athenian port?"

"Oh, he is a refugee now; and they say that he has been of great use to our Board of War. But we shall soon know all about her. See, she is lying to, to let us hail her."

Diphilus had put the Epicuria about, head to wind. Her yards were braced across; and a few hands were put on to the sweeps, to keep her steady. The Revenge ranged slowly up alongside, and hailed her: "What ship? What port are you from last? What are you bound for?"

The answer was: "The Epicuria, for Athens, with corn and hides. From Byzantium last. May we pass on? What galleys are we to say that we have sighted?"

"This is the Revenge. Leon commander. The galleys that are coming on are enemies. Can you help us, if we fight? You seem well manned."

"We will stand by you to the death!"

This last answer was given in a clear musical voice, very different from that of the seaman, who had first spoken from the

Epicuria. Leon started at the sound of a voice, which seemed not unfamiliar to him, but there was no time for asking questions. The enemies were coming on fast, and the Pēro and the Independence were now within five hundred fathoms of the Revenge and the Epicuria.

After the Revenge lowered her yards, the Peloponnesians saw that they had a war galley to deal with, but they were confident in their superiority of numbers, and the Pēro and the Independence raced each other for the honour of first striking the prize. The other three galleys, the Bellerophon, the Helena, and the Hermione, kept a good line, and came on about three-quarters of a mile astern of their consorts. Leon now hailed the Epicuria: "Edge away to the north-east. I shall pull slowly in the same direction. When you see an enemy's ship come close to me, and that I am giving way, do you lie to. I will make a turn round you, and charge the first galley, as she comes on. Put yourself, if you can, in the way of the other."

"Aye, aye!" shouted Diphilus: "I understand." So saying, he manned all his sweeps, and got his slingers and javelin-men ready for immediate work. Some of the best javelin-men were placed in the tops of the Epicuria; and the false streaks were put up along her gunwales, so as to make boarding her more difficult. He then bore away at a leisurely pace in the appointed direction. Leon looked to Lysis with a smile, and said, "That old Megarian pirate understands his business. We shall get some good help out of him, unless he plays us false."

"We must risk that," said Lysis. "I do not think there is much chance of it. Diphilus must know that the enemy will cut his throat, if they get him into their power;—but here is one of their galleys coming up very close."

As he said this, he pointed to the Pēro, which had now got her bows within ten lengths of the Revenge's stern. The Independence was coming after, about twelve

lengths further off, a little wide on the port side. The Revenge's master-boatswain now, by Leon's order, gave the word to the oarsmen to give way a little, and the Revenge glided forwards, increasing at every stroke the distance between her and her disappointed and weary pursuers. When about a hundred and fifty yards from the Epicuria, Leon gave the word for "Hard all." The stroke was quickened and lengthened, and the Revenge darted like an arrow. Diphilus watched the manœuvre, and instantly threw the Epicuria up into the wind.

The commands on board the Revenge were now rapidly given. "Pull hard, port side. Easy starboard!" "Hold water, starboard oars! Now pull gently starboard oars; hard port! Now all give way! Hard all!" At the same time that her oars were admirably worked the Revenge obeyed her rudder well; and in a marvellously short time and space, the galley had turned and wheeled completely round the Epicuria, that lay motionless; and, then returning, the Re-

venge charged with full swing, bringing her heavy brazen beak right on the starboard side of the hapless Pēro, almost amidships. The instant that the Revenge had glided round the Epicuria, Diphilus got his sweeps to work, brought his ship round, and placed her right in the way of the Independence, that was coming forward to help her consort the Pēro. The Corinthian galley charged the Epicuria; but only with a slanting blow. The crew of the Independence were tired, and pulling badly, and their charge was given weakly and irresolutely. The solid bulk and the breadth of beam of the Epicuria enabled her to bear it without damage. As the Independence staggered back from the shock, Diphilus and his crew saluted the baffled war-galley with jeers and laughter, and with a volley of javelins and bullets from the slings, which struck down several of the Peloponnesian oarsmen from their benches. Dismayed at this reception, the captain of the Independence put his galley about as speedily as possible, and made

towards his three consorts, who were coming steadily forward.

The Peloponnesian commanders determined to continue the engagement, and to capture, at least, the merchantman. The Independence was to go to the wreck of the Pēro, and save the men who were clinging to it. There was need to do this immediately, for though the stricken galley still floated, she was helpless and waterlogged, and must evidently founder in less than half an hour. The wind had gone down a little, and there was not so much sea on as there had been in the early morning; but the waves were high enough to break continually over the Pēro, and sweep off some of the poor fellows who were clinging to her remains. The Peloponnesians were surprised that the Athenians did not repeat their attacks on the Pēro, and that they did not even trouble themselves to lie near her, and destroy her men with their missile weapons. Leon had, in fact, been about to give the Pēro a second charge, but had been checked

from doing so by Lysis, who pointed out to him that, if they left the wreck alone, one of the four remaining enemies would probably bear down to it, and so leave them fewer antagonists to deal with. The Peloponnesians arranged that, while the Independence went to save the men who were clinging to the Pēro, the Bellerophon should run alongside of the hostile merchantman, and carry her by boarding. Meanwhile the Helena and the Hermione were to move against the Athenian war-galley, taking care to keep close together, and to keep their prows turned towards her. If she dashed at the side of either of them, she was to be instantly grappled; and then the matter was to be settled by a close hand-to-hand fight, in which the Peloponnesians would be two to one. At any rate, the Helena and the Hermione were to occupy and detain the hostile war-galley, until the Bellerophon and the Independence had finished their shares of the business. Then all the four Peloponnesian galleys were to make a joint attack on

the Athenian, if she ventured to await them. There was to be no more separating in pursuit.

On the other side, those on board of the Epicuria, as well as the crew of the Revenge, were full of exultation at the result of the first part of the battle, and of courage and mutual confidence as to what was yet to be done. Atalanta implored Diphilus to bring the Epicuria close to the Revenge, so that she might have speech with Leon. Diphilus resolutely refused to do so, saying, "There will be time enough for felicitations, when the action is over, if we win it; and if we lose it, they will be out of the question, as we shall all have our throats cut." Atalanta lamented that she had not learned more carefully how to use the sling, so as to be of use against the enemy; but Diphilus replied "Have your battle-axe and your sword ready. You will have occasion to employ them before the day is over."

As he spoke, the Revenge came along, pulling leisurely to the eastward. Leon's

oarsmen held water for a minute, while he hailed the acting commander of the Epicuria. He cried, "I mean to fight it out. Do your best. You want no advice from me." He waved his hand, and the Revenge pulled on. Before the two ships parted, the same clear sweet voice, which had been heard once before from the quarter-deck of the Epicuria, called out "May the Gods preserve Leon!" and a loud shout of applause from the crews of both vessels followed. Leon looked anxiously to see who it was, that had invoked a blessing on him. He thought that he recognised Diphilus by sight, and he saw standing near the Megarian a tall graceful warrior, lightly armed, and grasping a battle-axe; but he could not distinguish his friend's features. The Revenge glided onward a few hundred yards, and then veered round, so as to confront the approaching enemies. Diphilus moved the Epicuria also a little further eastward. He saw and appreciated Leon's policy, which was to separate widely from her consorts any ship of the enemy

that might go to the help of the crew of the sinking Pēro.

The four Peloponnesian galleys came up well together to about five hundred yards from the Epicuria, which lay in the centre between the Revenge to the east, and the wreck of the Pēro to the west. Then the Independence slanted off to help the crew of the Pēro; the Bellerophon advanced straight against the Epicuria; and the Helena and the Hermione turned a little to their starboard, and rowed very carefully and close together in the direction of the Revenge.

The Bellerophon did not attempt to charge the Epicuria, but ranged up close alongside of her; and then the Bellerophon's people fore and aft threw grapples into the Epicuria's rigging and across her bulwarks, and began to board her. Two boarding parties had been got ready for this purpose, each containing fifteen of the regularly armed soldiers (or marines as we should call them) whom the Bellerophon carried. The rowers of her upper tier (who had all swords and

javelins) were to follow the soldiers in the assaults. But the precaution taken by Diphilus, in putting up the Epicuria's false streaks, made it extremely difficult to clamber from the low deck of the galley up to the much higher deck of the ship. The soldiers of the Bellerophon were obliged to lay aside their shields, and several of them were killed or wounded by the Epicuria's people, while they were trying to batter down the false streaks. The Bellerophon lay with the fore part of her waist opposite to the Epicuria's foremast; and Diphilus now ran up to his foretop, to put in execution a mode of defence, which he had prepared, and which was more formidable than the pikes and javelins of his men, though these were well and effectively wielded. He had had some large iron beams, and masses of pig lead (which formed part of his cargo and ballast) brought up from the hold, and hoisted up into the foretop. He now caused them to be thrown down into the Bellerophon's waist, watching the opportunity when the roll of the sea made

the Epicuria's mast incline over her enemy, so that the heavy masses crashed down into her by their own descending momentum. Some of them did little more than kill or maim oarsmen and soldiers, and break the gangway and the rowing benches; but one made its way right through the Bellerophon's floor, creating at once a formidable leak, through which the sea rushed in rapidly. But the captain of the Bellerophon was determined, at all events, to carry his adversary, whether his own vessel sank or swam. The boarding parties had slackened their efforts, and both they and the defenders were watching the effects of the beams and the masses of lead, that were coming down from the Epicuria's top. The Corinthian captain called his best men round him, and by a sudden rush and effort succeeded in gaining the Epicuria's deck. Atalanta was near this place. She called on her men, that were nearest to her, to beat the assailants back, and ran forward herself (as her manner was) to set the example. The Corinthian captain

was the first of his party that encountered her. The two antagonists paused for a moment, as they saw and recognised each other. Atalanta was known instantly by the Corinthian, who called to her by her name. She saw standing opposite to her, as a living adversary, the man whom she believed that she had killed,—the man whose Ghost she believed that she had seen, her ancient enemy—Timarchus!

In an instant she overcame the effects of the first shock of surprise, and she felt nerved with almost superhuman power. She exclaimed: "Be thou man or demon, in the names of Apollo and of Achilles I will assail thee!"

She advanced upon him sword in hand, not furiously, but with stern collectedness. Timarchus replied savagely "In the names of Tartarus and Mermera, fair Atalanta, come to my arms." All around them gazed for a few moments in surprise on the strange conflict, without interfering. Timarchus possessed enormous length and strength of arm.

He had the advantage of complete head and body armour as a protection, and the disadvantage of it as an encumbrance. He had laid down both spear and shield, while boarding, and now fought, like Atalanta, with the sword only. He had had longer practice with the weapon, but the events of the last six months had given her no slight amount of skill. She had the advantage over him in height, in quickness of eye, and in activity; and, above all, she fought more coolly. After the interchange of a few cuts and parries, Timarchus received a slight gash on the cheek. Incensed at the wound, and finding that he was fast becoming breathless, Timarchus endeavoured to finish the fight by a downright blow, and he struck with all his strength right at Atalanta's slight helmet. Atalanta took the blow on her sword, and then she gave point full at her adversary's throat. The sword took him just between the clasp of his helmet and the upper rim of the breastplate. The avenging steel passed right

through the throat of the blasphemer, the liar, the ribald; and Timarchus fell clanging in his armour, and bathed in his life-blood on the deck at Atalanta's feet.

His followers, who had gained the deck with him, dismayed at their leader's fall, scarcely offered any resistance to the fierce charge, which the Epicuria's people now made on them. Some were cut down, or made prisoners. A few leaped back into their own galley, where the confusion and the alarm at the rent made in the galley's floor, and the apparently imminent danger of sinking were now extreme. Diphilus came down from the Epicuria's top, and hastened to congratulate Atalanta on her successful resistance to the boarders. He found her standing by the corpse of her arch-enemy, and looking down on it with an aspect almost as stern and immoveable as that of him, who lay bleeding below. On Diphilus coming to her side, she pointed with her sword to the face of the fallen foe, and said—, Timarchus!" Diphilus stooped

down; took off the helmet, and eagerly scanned the features. He then said, "It is indeed Timarchus. I will take care that he does not come to life again this time." So saying, he took up Atalanta's battle-axe, which she had dropped on the deck early in the engagement, turned the body over, and struck off the head. Carrying it by the hair, he walked to the gunwale, at the part where the galley was still entangled with the Epicuria, and threw the gory head over into the Bellerophon, among a group of her surviving officers. He called out at the same time to them, "Take this to the Council of Twelve at Megara, and tell them that Diphilus sent it to them!"

The Corinthian officer, on whom the command of the Bellerophon had devolved, thought only of saving his galley and the surviving crew. He cut away the remaining ropes that fastened her to the Epicuria; he got some of his men to the oars, and succeeded in drawing a little away from the storm of bullets which Diphilus's slingers

poured in on him. A sail was folded and thrust into and over the leak; hands were put on to bale, and black flags were hoisted and waved as signals of distress, to call the Independence away from the wreck of the Pēro to the help of the Bellerophon.

The first thing that Diphilus did, after the Bellerophon had shoved off, was to question some of the Corinthians, who had been taken prisoners on his deck, as to the reappearance of Timarchus. He learned from them that Timarchus had only very recently returned to Corinth in sufficient health and vigour for service. He had almost died from the stab, which he received in his tent before Platea; and, after his partial recovery, he had spent several months in the mountains of Arcadia before the wound was completely healed and his natural strength was restored. Atalanta heard this; and saw at once the cause of the delusion, under which she and the Arcadian Evocators had been, when they thought that they saw and heard

the spirit of Timarchus at Phigalia.* As she rightly conjectured, Timarchus had been in that neighbourhood, when she came with Alcander to the temple of Apollo. He had found out her intention of consulting the priests at Phigalia; and he had secreted himself in the spot, where the rites of evocation were practised, with the intent of inflicting terror and agony, worse than death, upon her. She thought to herself, "My father's anathema, and the warning given by Achilles in the vision are still realities; but my life is unimportant if Leon is really saved." She looked towards the Revenge, and saw her about a quarter of a mile off from them, in close action with the Helena and the Hermione. She spoke to Diphilus: "Cannot we manœuvre to save our friends?" Diphilus looked hard for a minute or two, and then replied: "Leon does not want our help. He is giving a good account of the Laconian Heroines. See, one of them is disabled, and the other is retreating."

* See Vol. II. p. 69, *supra*.

While the Bellerophon was beginning her unsuccessful attack upon the Epicuria, the Helena and the Hermione continued to advance side by side against the Revenge, keeping an interval of about twenty yards between the starboard oars of the Helena, and the port oars of the Hermione. Leon saw the risk of charging either of them, while her consort kept close by, and was ready to assail the assailant. When they came within about a hundred yards of him, he began to row in a curve round them, in the hope of their getting disordered, while they wheeled to keep their prows towards him, or of provoking them to make a dash at his broadside. The captain of the Hermione was a Spartan, named Karneius, of great courage and spirit, and he felt indignant at the series of losses and humiliations, which the morning's engagement had brought on the Peloponnesians. The temptation of avenging it all by a successful charge on the insolent and seemingly careless enemy was irresistible. He called out to the captain

of the Helena to follow; and then Karneius bade his crew row with all their might, and he ordered his helmsman to strike the hostile galley full amidships. Leon's men had, by his order, been rowing round the Laconian ships at a fair pace, but not at their best pace. When the Hermione darted forward, and was close upon them, they made a sudden spirt, which brought the Revenge clear of the Hermione's line of attack; and Karneius had the mortification of not only passing uselessly about half-a-length astern of his adversary, but of finding his own galley borne forward by the impetus of her own charge, for some considerable distance, before her crew could stop her. Even then, they broke some of their oars by their unskilful manner of holding water; and several valuable minutes elapsed, before the Hermione was brought round again, so as to be ready to continue the action.

Meanwhile, the Revenge had wheeled skilfully and rapidly, and had dashed at the Helena, which had been slack in following

her consort in the charge. Leon had not space enough to enable him to bring his galley down on the Helena at a right angle, but he took her with a slanting blow, so that the beak of the Revenge swept away or broke about thirty of the after oars of the Helena on the starboard side, and also stove in her starboard bulwarks close to the rudder. In this collision the port cat-head of the Revenge was entangled with some of the ropes of her enemy's steerage. The Athenian sailors in the Revenge's bows quickly drew their swords, and cut the detaining ropes away; but this check to the course of the Athenian galley gave the Hermione (which at last got round) time to come close up to the Revenge's stern, though not before the Revenge had got clear off from the Helena.

Karneius shouted to the crew and officers of the Hermione, "No manœuvres! Grapple and board!" He himself, with the other Lacedæmonian soldiers, who were in the Hermione, rushed to the bows to set the example. They succeeded in flinging two

grapples, that caught the stern of the Revenge, just as she was beginning to draw away from them. Hauling in on the grapples, they brought the Hermione within a few feet of the Athenian ship. The grapples had iron chains to them, not ropes, so that they could not be cut away. One was speedily disengaged by Lysis from the taffrail, round which it had clung; but the other was fast in some of the Revenge's tackle, and could not be easily got rid of. Leon was stooping to disentangle it. Karneius, who was standing at the very edge of the Hermione's bow, and preparing to spring into the Revenge, aimed a thrust with his spear at Leon, which must have proved fatal to him, if it had reached him. Lysis saw his friend's danger. At the moment he had no weapon in his hand to parry the spear with, but he threw himself in front of Leon, and received the thrust in his own body. At the same instant, Leon succeeded in removing the grapple, and raised himself just in time to catch the falling Lysis in his arms. The

Athenian crew had not ceased to row hard. The Revenge instantly glided further off from the Hermione; and when Karneius sprang forward, he failed to reach his mark, and fell into the sea between the two ships, where, encumbered by his armour, he sank almost immediately.

Discouraged by their leader's fate, the surviving officers of the Hermione had no inclination to seek a renewal of the engagement. They thought it better to go to the assistance of the Helena, which, with maimed steerage, and defective oars, was scarcely able to crawl along. The Hermione took her in tow, and then they both proceeded towards the seriously damaged Bellerophon. The other Corinthian galley, the Independence, was already at the Bellerophon's side, having left the fast-sinking Pēro to her fate, as soon as she had taken the surviving crew off the wreck. The Spartan captain of the Helena now took the command of the little squadron, and determined to keep the four galleys quietly together till the main fleet came up.

This soon happened. The look-out men in the tops of the Epicuria were the first to see a number of ships approaching from the south-west. Diphilus immediately made alarm-signals, to attract the attention of those on board of the Revenge. The crew of the Revenge were resting on their oars, after the Helena and the Hermione had moved away from them. Leon for some minutes gave no orders. He observed nothing, and he heeded none, who spoke to him. His whole attention was absorbed in watching his dying friend, and in trying to stanch the blood, that was welling from the wound. Lysis was unable to speak, but retained consciousness. He saw by the gestures of the other officers, who came round, that there was some cause of alarm, and he slightly moved his finger to direct Leon's attention to it. Leon looked up, and perceived the danger-signals flying at the mast-head of the Epicuria. Indeed, the approaching Peloponnesian fleet could now be discerned from the deck of the Revenge.

At once comprehending the new danger, Leon resigned his wounded friend for a few minutes to the care of two of his companions, and ordered the Revenge to be rowed within hail of the Epicuria. He shouted to Diphilus by name; and, on the Megarian hailing in acknowledgment, Leon called out to him: "The Peloponnesian fleet is coming up. You must run due east for Notium. I am going to Chios, and then on to Mytilene." Having said this, he did not wait for any reply, but ordered the Revenge instantly to be put about, and her course to be shaped north-east by north. Bidding the men to row vigorously, he then resumed his place at Lysis's side. Leon hoped against hope that his friend might live till they reached Chios, where the best possible medical aid might be obtained. But Lysis had been pierced by the Spartan spear far too deeply and severely; and the last drops in the glass of life were now falling. Lysis strove with his dying hand to draw something from his inner vest near over the heart, and he looked

anxiously in Leon's face. Leon understood the look and the gesture; and he himself drew from his friend's bosom a small packet, containing a tress of dark-brown hair. Leon knelt forward, so as to bring his lips close to Lysis, and whispered, "Is it Melanippe's?" The dying man smiled an affirmative. Leon again whispered, "It shall be placed in the urn, that contains your ashes, and it shall be buried with you." Lysis again faintly smiled in gratitude. Leon took his hand—it was clammy and cold, and could not return the pressure. In a few moments Leon saw the eye, which had never been turned on him except with affection and respect, grow fixed and glazed; and he knew that his best and dearest friend had died to save him.

For a few minutes Leon retained the dead man's hand in his own, and knelt beside the body almost stupefied with grief. At last one of his officers spoke to him, "Are we still to touch at Chios?"

Leon roused himself, and replied: "Yes. We can give him there a burial, with such

rites, as are due to one so brave, so gifted, and so good. Pythodorus, be good enough to take the command of the galley for the day, unless any enemy comes near us. I am not fit for duty." Pythodorus replied that none of the enemy's ships seemed to be coming in pursuit of them, but that they were evidently chasing their friend the merchantman. Leon listened without replying. A bier for the body of Lysis was made on the quarter-deck, and Leon scarcely ever left his station by it. All on board felt that the loss of their young hero far outbalanced the joy, which otherwise would have prevailed, on account of the victory which they had won. Gloomily and slowly they held their way to Chios, rowing by reliefs of half the crew at a time. At Chios they learned that Mytilene had already capitulated to Pāches.

CHAPTER VI.

A captive's couch is hers indeed;
But sweetly she reposes.
And who would struggle to be freed
From chains of gold and roses?
Her masters—how she laughs at them:
They kneel and cringe before her.
And lo! He wears the diadem,
That lovely slave's adorer.

Quo desiderio veteres revocamus Amores!

PROPERT.

A moment more, and they shall meet—
'Tis past—her lover's at her feet.
And what unto them is the world beside
With all its change of time and tide?
Its living things—its earth and sky—
Are nothing to their mind and eye.
Their very sighs are full of joy—
So deep, that did it not decay,
That happy madness would destroy
The hearts which feel its fiery sway.

BYRON. *Parisina.*

DEEP and bitter was the disappointment of Atalanta, when she saw the Revenge bear

away for the north-east, after Leon's short advice to Diphilus at the end of the action. She had not been able even to exchange words with Leon, or to make known to him that she was alive. She wrung her hands, and could not help exclaiming half unconsciously, "This is too hard to endure!"

Diphilus overheard her, and replied, "It is indeed very hard, but it cannot be helped. We must follow Leon's advice, and bear away for Notium, if the Peloponnesians chase us, as I fear they are sure to do. Sailing on the wind, and using our sweeps, we may get away from them, if we run for that port. It would be vain to try any other course. You can see their ships are coming round us on the west, as well as on the south. As for going northwards against wind and sea, we should be overtaken by their light galleys in an hour."

"But what are we to do at Notium? Not, I hope, remain blockaded there for months?"

"That is not likely. Depend upon it, we shall soon be able to creep up towards Chios,

and Lesbos, which are, I suppose, the points you now wish to make for. But we must lose no time, every minute is precious." Diphilus accordingly got all sail on the Epicuria, and then he put her eastward. She could sit up to the wind, far better than any of the long, narrow war-galleys could; and Diphilus thought that they were tolerably safe, unless the breeze were to die away; in which case, the greater speed of the pursuers with their numbers of oars in the smooth water would soon bring them up alongside.

The Peloponnesian Admiral, Alcidas, was highly indignant when he came up with the remnant of his advanced squadron. His five best galleys had attacked a single Athenian galley, aided by an armed merchant ship. Not only had they failed to secure these apparently easy prizes, but they had been defeated with heavy loss. One of the five had been destroyed, and two more were so far damaged, as to be unserviceable for some time to come. The loss in officers and men had been heavy; and among them, a dis-

tinguished Spartan, and the very ablest of all the leaders of the allies had perished. All saw that it was useless to chase the Revenge; but there seemed to be a fair prospect of overtaking the insolent merchant vessel, which had contributed so materially to the humiliation and loss, which had been that morning inflicted on the navy of Peloponnesus. Six of the best galleys, which were still under Alcidas's command, were despatched in pursuit of the Epicuria; and in the meanwhile Alcidas collected his fleet and sailed in the direction of Ephesus.

The Epicuria had a good start of her pursuers; and so long as the wind blew freely Diphilus had little fear of them. But at sundown the breeze almost, but not completely, died off; and the galleys with their numerous oars, and long narrow build had then a terrible advantage over the Epicuria. Unfortunately also for the chace, though the night was slightly clouded, it was nearly full moon, so that the chasing ships could from time to time see their intended prey, as the

moonlight streamed down over her, through the occasional patches of clear sky. Diphilus did all, that his cunning and his long experience of similar risks could suggest, to baffle his adversaries. He lowered a boat with a lamp alight at its stern, and with its sails so set, and its rudder so lashed, that it would bear southward, while he at the same time shaped the Epicuria's course a little more towards north. He had all the corn, and all the other less valuable part of the cargo, and all the spare gear and spars thrown overboard. The moon went down about two hours before daybreak, and he hoped that his foes would miss his track in the dark. But when the gray of the morning began to show, he could see the dim shapes of three of his pursuers within half a mile of him. But the same light showed him the Asiatic coast not more than two miles to the eastward. At this crisis a flaw of wind from the north came down along the coast, which filled the sails of the Epicuria, but did not extend far enough out to sea, to be felt by the chasing vessels.

This was decisive of the struggle. The crews on both sides were too much exhausted to be able to do much more with the oars; and the Epicuria now held her way on to the Asiatic shore, and was beached just to the northward of Notium. The Peloponnesian captains did not care to land on a shore, which they supposed to be friendly to the Athenians, and hostile to themselves; and after a short pause they put about, and made southward to rejoin their admiral.

Atalanta, and Diphilus, and the weary crew of the Epicuria gladly landed in what they thought a place of safety. The little town of Notium was supposed to be still among the subject-allies of Athens; although it was known that the aristocratic party in the neighbouring city of Colophon had lately called in the Persians to help them against the Democrats, and that Colophon was then under the dominion of one of the great king's Satraps. Diphilus and his companions thought it strange that no one came out from Notium to welcome or to question them.

After a short pause for the sake of resting themselves a little, and of taking a hasty morning meal at the ship's side, they judged it best to march up to the town in a body. Accordingly they left twelve hands to guard the ship, and to take care of the prisoners and slaves; and they marched towards the sea-gate of the town. But before they had proceeded two hundred yards, a troop of cavalry, that had been concealed behind a neighbouring copse, galloped in between them and their ship, and a force of about sixty infantry, partly Persians, and partly Greek mercenaries, came rapidly forward from the same place of ambush. The leader of the infantry called out to them in Greek to lay down their arms. Diphilus immediately recognised him. He was an old Arcadian soldier of fortune, named Hippias; and he and Diphilus had shared in some expeditions and some plunderings in former days. He too knew his old comrade; and ordering his men, both Greek and Asiatic, to halt, Hippias stepped forward and met Diphilus, who advanced half-way towards

him. "Old friend," said Diphilus, "what means all this? Ours is an Athenian ship, and I am now a refugee from Megara, and have taken service with the Athenians. Why are we thus treated as enemies in the territory of a town allied with Athens?"

Hippias replied: "Old friend, I am sorry that we meet in this manner; but I cannot help it. I now serve the Persian general Itamenes. Notium has been in the hands of the Persians for the last month. My orders are to capture you all, if you are Athenians, or allies of Athens, and to bring you prisoners up to the citadel."

"But," said Diphilus "there is no war between Persia and Athens at present—at least no open war."

"You know very well how little difference that makes, when those, who command armed bands, want captives and cargoes. I must obey orders."

"At least," Diphilus rejoined,—"at least do not let our ship be plundered or damaged, till I and my chief, Athanas, have seen those

who command you. Athanas is a person of great power and influence, and will probably obtain our release."

"You may come and try:" said Hippias, with a smile. "Your ship shall be taken care of. But you must tell your people not to make fools of themselves by trying to resist, or to escape. It would only cause useless bloodshed."

"You are right:" said Diphilus. Then, going back to his party, he told them the true nature of the position that they were in; and pointed out the folly of doing battle against a force so overwhelmingly superior. They gave up their arms; and the portion of the crew, that had been left with the ship, did the same, at the bidding of Diphilus, who walked to the Epicuria with Hippias, to avert all risk of a collision. Hippias set a strong guard of his own men over the ship, and then marched his sorrowing captives up to the citadel. Atalanta asked him, "Shall we see the Satrap?"

"You will see our General's General,"

answered Hippias, with a peculiar smile. The words seemed strange, but there was no time to seek an explanation. They were hurried forward into the hall of the citadel, a long, low, narrow, ill-built apartment, but which now had magnificent Egyptian tapestry spread over its rude walls, and Tyrian carpets on its stone floor. It was also half-filled up with costly couches and other furniture. At the upper end of the hall reclined on Sidonian cushions a lady splendidly dressed, and over-ornamented with gorgeous jewelry. There were numerous attendants; but no other persons were present, who seemed to have authority. Atalanta and Diphilus looked at Hippias with surprise. He said in a low sarcastic tone, "You see before you the General's General, of whom I spoke. You two, Athanas and Diphilus, as the chiefs of your party, had better go forward and present yourselves."

They did as they were bidden. The great man's greater lady was half asleep when

they entered; and she did not turn her face towards them, till they were almost close to her. As soon as Atalanta and Diphilus saw her features, they looked at each other, and said—"It is Melissa!"

The Dominant Damsel caught the sound of her own name; and, half-raising herself on her elbow, demanded in a pettish tone, "Who may you be, that use my name so unceremoniously?"

Atalanta by a gesture warned Diphilus to stand back; and then stepping forward she said, "I am Atalanta! Look at me well, Melissa. Surely you will remember me. It is not so very long since we were together on the islet beneath Mount Ægialeus; and since we were carried off by the Megarians."

Melissa leaned forward, and said eagerly, "You Atalanta?—Take that nasty, ugly helmet off. Now then, let me see your face. It is indeed Atalanta! But what have you done with your beautiful long hair? And where is the complexion, which you used to have, when you were really Atalanta?"

"I was obliged to cut my hair close, when I was obliged to assume the dress and name of an Arcadian targeteer, and to call myself Athanas. Speak to me, I pray you, by that name, whenever others are within hearing. As for my complexion, I employed some dyes at first; but the sun and the wind have long saved me all trouble as to that matter."

"Well but, Atalanta, you know that Leon fell in with you, and carried you off into Platæa. I really took some pains to inquire about you; and I was assured that you were killed in Platæa. How is it that you are alive again?"

"I am alive," said Atalanta, "for the simple reason that I have never been dead. I was carried half-killed out of the town, when some of the besiegers entered it, but were driven back. It would be a long story, Melissa, if I were to tell you what has happened to me since. Yesterday evening my prospects seemed at last to be bright and hopeful. Our capture here ruins all. Oh, Melissa, dear Melissa! for friendship's sake,

for mercy's sake, for love's sake, set me free!"

"My darling Atalanta, you don't suppose that I am going to hurt you? But you must stay a long time with me, and have a long talk with me, and tell me all about yourself, and all about everybody else, and everything else. My precious General, Itamenes, has gone up to Ephesus. For all that I care, Diana may get hold of him, and may keep him there, as long as the temple stands. Meanwhile I can do anything that I like here."

"Then, dear Melissa, let our ship be released, and let us sail away immediately. I would not seek to hurry thus away from an old friend, if there were not urgent reasons. But Peloponnesian ships are off the coast. They know that we are here; and as soon as their admiral finds that Notium is no longer held by friends to Athens, he will be sure to come here to seize us. Is it not so, Diphilus?"

Atalanta had purposely raised her voice,

so that Diphilus should hear what she said, and she now beckoned him to come nearer. As soon as Melissa saw him, she exclaimed, "Oh, you dreadful man! you are the monster, that carried us away from the little island. Has he got you in his power again, Atalanta, dear?"

"Diphilus is now, and long has been my best friend and supporter. He commands my ship. He will explain to you, why it is absolutely necessary for our safety that we should sail at once."

"Oh, I do not want to hear him. Don't talk to me, Diphilus; I wonder how you can have the assurance to come in my sight. Don't you repent bitterly of what you did?"

Diphilus looked up with a laugh, and answered, "I do not at all repent it, oh fair Queen of the East. It is a great pleasure to me, to find that I have been the means of placing you in your proper position of splendour and empire, such as ought to belong to so much beauty."

"You are a saucy fellow. But you must

not call me a Queen. Itamenes is not yet even a Satrap."

"You soon will be a Queen—Queen of all Asia. Your beauty has been talked of, not only at Sardis, but at Ecbatana and Persepolis. The Great King himself has heard of Melissa. Artaxerxes will soon send for you, and raise you far above your present provincial glories."

Melissa looked pleased at the bold flattery of the Megarian. She replied, "Well, I have heard some rumours of the same kind; but of course it is all nonsense. Don't talk of it to any one else here. You may take your ship, and sail away if you wish it. But you can leave Atalanta for an hour with me, before you start?"

"Certainly, oh Queen. My commander Athanas (be pleased to call your old friend by that name for the present), will be in very good time, if he is at the ship's side in three hours from now. Our people are all fatigued with the toil and the sea-fight of yesterday, and their unceasing labours during

last night, while we were being chased. May it please you, oh Queen, to give the requisite orders to your officials for our release."

Melissa clapped her hands; and on her attendants approaching, she desired them to summon the captain of the guard, and the chief secretary. Hippias accordingly came forward, and with him an aged Asiatic civilian. Melissa told them that the ship, which had been taken that morning, was to be released, and that all her officers and crew were to be set free. "Give them a princely banquet," said she, "before they leave us; and let them have anything they want for the use of their ship." She then turned to Diphilus, and said, "Can I order anything else to be done for you?"

"Nothing, I thank you," he replied, "unless you could lend me some rowers as far as Chios. I shall have to work the sweeps all the way; and my men are tired."

"Certainly," said Melissa. "You shall have as many as you like; that is, if they

are to be found in this miserable petty port. Hippias, send your soldiers round Notium, and press all persons, that know how to row. How many will you have, Diphilus—Forty? Fifty? a hundred? or how many?"

"I will take sixty," said the Megarian. "That will give me three hands to each sweep. What shall I do with them, when I get to Chios?

"Oh, anything you like. Turn them ashore, or keep them, or sell them—do anything with them that Atalanta—I mean that Athanas thinks best."

"In that case," said Atalanta, "they will all be set free."

"I will easily settle it," said Diphilus. "I will set the free Greeks at liberty, and pay them three drachmas each for their services, and give them the like sum to get home with. I will get the supply of drachmas by selling all who are slaves."

"Oh sell them all, and keep the money," said Melissa. "Do anything, so that I am not worried about it."

"You show a true Queenly disposition. I mean a true Persian-Queenly disposition," said Diphilus.

His covert sarcasm escaped notice, and he retired to enjoy an early dinner with his old comrade Hippias, who ordered his subordinate officers to do the work of pressing the unfortunate sixty Notium mariners, of whom Melissa had just made such a liberal gift to Diphilus. The rest of the Epicuria's crew were well provided with food and wine; and the good ship in about three hours was launched, and was hauled round head to sea, ready to go northward through the smooth water, as fast as the wretched Notium recruits could row her along.

Melissa detained Atalanta with her, until close upon the time of embarkation. She questioned her so minutely and repeatedly about her rescue from their captors, about her stay in Platæa, why and how she left it, and what she had been doing since, that Atalanta found it impossible to avoid telling some of the love-passages between Leon and

herself; though, as she foresaw, this confession brought down on her a very annoying amount of raillery; and Melissa did not fail to remind her of their last conversation on the little island, immediately before their capture, when Atalanta was so indignant at the idea of being supposed to like Leon, and when she gave Melissa such prudent cautions against falling in love with him. By way of changing the conversation, Atalanta asked her friend, "How is it, Melissa, that you make no inquiries about your mother and your other relatives, whom you left at Athens?"

The countenance of the lively little lady fell for a moment, and she replied: "I did make inquiries about them, Atalanta, as soon as I was comfortably settled in Asia, and I was told that they had gone away from Athens to live at Thurii in Italy. Is not that report true?"

"I believe it is true," said Atalanta. "I also made inquiries about them when I came to Athens from Platæa; and I received the

same answer that you did. Have you never heard anything more of them?"

"No, Atalanta, and they do not seem particularly anxious to hear about me. At least, no message from them has ever come here."

"It is a great distance from Thurii to Ionia."

"Yes; and so it is from Ionia to Thurii. I do not mean to take the journey. Now, do not let us say anything more about disagreeable subjects. Let us talk about Leon. So, you expect to meet him at Mitylene, if you go there?"

"Either there, or at Chios. We shal touch at Chios first; and if he is not there, I shall go on to Lesbos."

"Oh, I now understand why it was so important for you, that your ship should sail away this afternoon. How sly you are, Atalanta. How well you got up that story about the Peloponnesian fleet."

"That story is perfectly true. The Peloponnesian fleet is not many miles from this

place. I have no doubt but that the Athenian fleet from Lesbos will soon come down this way, and engage it. My most earnest wish is to join Leon in time enough to go on board his galley, and to fight by his side in the battle."

"Why, Atalanta, you don't mean to say that you really can fight? Do you actually use that sword, which you are wearing?"

"If I could not use it, and if I had not used it to some purpose, I should not be alive here, Melissa. That sword has done good service. It killed Timarchus yesterday."

"Oh, I am so glad that horrid wretch is dead. Only think that you of all persons in the world should have killed him! But, Atalanta, I am really afraid of you. The Athenians will be sure to reconquer Notium, and I shall have you, you fierce warrior! storming this poor little citadel, and leading me away as the captive of your spear. Pray use me tenderly. Let me be sole mistress of your heart and tent, if in the true heroic

style you honour your slave-girl with your love."

"Do not talk nonsense, Melissa. Your position and mine are serious subjects."

"Of course I was talking nonsense. You do not suppose that I shall be such a fool as to wait down in Notium to be besieged here? I shall go up to Sardis at once. The Satrap Pissuthnes has sent me several invitations to come there. My valiant lord and master, Itamenes, may stay here, and get captured or killed, if he likes."

"You do not seem, Melissa, to be very deeply in love with this Itamenes?"

"No, Atalanta, I am not; although I suppose I ought to be. He is very fond of me, and very kind. He is not old, and he is not ill-looking. But he is a poor-spirited, common-place creature, and will not rise in the world. I am not satisfied with my present situation."

"I am glad to hear it. Let me be the means of rescuing you from it. We can easily form some pretence for your visiting

our ship; and then you can sail away with us. It will be easy to find at Lesbos a vessel bound for Athens, and thence you can reach Thurii. I have ample wealth on board the Epicuria. You are welcome to as much, as will enable you to join your friends, and to more too, if you will consent to take it. I shall indeed rejoice, dear Melissa, at saving you from being any longer the slave of these barbarians."

Melissa leaned back, and laughed loud and long, when she heard this proposal. At last she said, "My dear Atalanta, do you wish to ruin me? I a slave to these barbarians? Why it is they, that are slaves to me; and I mean to bring a good many more of them under my yoke before long. I shall be Vice-Queen at Sardis within a month. Perhaps I shall be real queen at Persepolis within a year. Do you think that I am going to give up all these prospects, and all this present ease, and luxury, and power, for the sake of becoming again a despised Metic in one of your Greek States, and that I shall

go back to be pushed about at home in some wretched lodging or other? Oh, no, indeed. If I go again on my travels, it will be towards the East, not towards the West. There, I see some of your crew coming to call you to your ship. I will not detain you. Go, and join Leon as quickly as you can. I hope he will make you happy. If he does not, you seem to know how to treat a man who ill-uses you. Farewell, dear Atalanta. If ever the world goes hard with you, come, if possible, to Asia, and try to find me. I am pretty sure to have the power to help you, and I am quite sure to have the will. Tell Leon the same."

"Farewell, dear Melissa. I pray that you may be as happy as you can be; and I believe that you will be so."

At a signal from Melissa, the guard appeared ready to escort Atalanta to the shore. But she declined their attendance; nor would she make use of the chariot, which had been provided for her. As she walked down to the beach, she said to herself, "Would I

exchange characters and careers with this woman? I recoil from the thought. And yet, she is much the happier of the two. It may soothe my pride to think her my inferior in both head and heart; but my superiority only makes me a better mark for the darts of evil Destiny. But I will not indulge in these gloomy musings, now that my prospect of rejoining Leon are so much brighter.

> Swiftly, swiftly blow, ye winds,
> Over the waters blue;
> Shine burning bright, ye stars of night,
> Yet shine serenely too." *

When the Epicuria first got under weigh, Diphilus was too busy in getting the pressed men from Notium into serviceable order, to be able to hold much conversation with Atalanta. At last he got each sweep manned; and, under the combined influence of blows, threats, and promises, the new hands began to keep tolerable time, and to lay their backs into their work with some vigour, if not with much alacrity. A light

* Tenger.

breeze was blowing from the west, so that the Epicuria got some additional help from her sails, and she was from ten to fifteen miles to the north of Notium before sunset. Nothing had appeared in chase of her, so that the remainder of their voyage to Chios seemed secure. Diphilus now gave the new oarsmen two hours' rest, and their evening meal. While they rested, the greater number of the sweeps were manned by the slaves, who had been brought from the coast of the Pontus. These men were now well-trained to the heavy oars, and there was no need for Diphilus to overlook them. He sate down for a little repose on the quarter-deck, near where Atalanta was standing. "All looks well, Athanas," he said. "We shall make Chios by to-morrow night."

Atalanta asked him: "Do you think that we shall find the Revenge there?"

"I do not know Leon's object in touching at Chios, so I cannot form any opinion about how long he is likely to stay there; I should think not long. As you know from our

prisoners, whom we took in the action yesterday, the Peloponnesian fleet has been sent to raise the siege of Mytilene. The Athenian fleet, whether large or small, will hardly suffer this to be done without a battle, and Leon is not likely to come in late for a fight, if he can manage to be in time."

The Epicuria made all practicable speed; and, favoured by a slant of wind from the southwest for a few hours, she reached the port of Chios a little after midday. As she approached the harbour, a war-galley came rapidly out of it, and, turning off to her port side, rowed away in the direction of Lesbos. This was the Revenge.

Leon had reached Chios in her on the preceding evening. He and his crew had been occupied on the shore all the morning with the funeral rites of Lysis. Leon had gathered the ashes of his friend, and had placed them, with the lock of Melanippe's hair, in a silver urn. This he had deposited in the burial-ground at Chios, intending to convey it to Athens at the first opportunity,

so that the remains of the young hero should find their final resting-place in the ancestral tomb in the Athenian Cerameicus. At Chios Leon learned how the siege of Mytilene had terminated. Salæthus, the Lacedæmonian officer, who commanded in the city, had given complete arms to the whole body of the Mytilenæans, with the intention of making a sally in full force on the besiegers. But the mass of the Mytilenæans had no antipathy to the old alliance with Athens. The revolt had been entirely got up by the aristocratic party in Lesbos, whom the Athenians (contrary to their usual custom) had allowed to retain the government. As soon as the lower orders in Mytilene obtained arms, they threatened to use them, not against the besieging Athenians, but against their aristocratic fellow-citizens, whom they accused of secreting magazines of provisions for their own use, instead of dividing them fairly among all the inhabitants. In this emergency, the leading men of Mytilene hastened to protect themselves from the

enemies within, by capitulating to the enemy without. They surrendered at discretion, except that it was agreed, that the fate of the Mytilenæans should be left to the decision of the Athenian people, and that none of the inhabitants should be slain, or sold as slaves, or put in prison, until a decree respecting them should arrive from Athens.

Leon, on his arrival at Mytilene, found his colleague Pāches (to whom the surrender had been made) still busy in disarming the Mytilenæans, in securing the Athenian possession of the city, and (what was more difficult) in protecting the now defenceless aristocrats of Mytilene against the rage of their own fellow-countrymen. Some chiefs of the lately dominant party were removed by the Athenian general to the island of Tenedos.

The Revenge brought sure tidings to Pāches of a Peloponnesian fleet having appeared in Ionian waters; and both he and Leon fully expected its speedy arrival off the coasts of Lesbos. The meeting of Leon

and his colleague was anything but friendly or pleasant. Leon remembered well that Pāches had seen the death of Morsylus; and that he was one of the leaders of the Oligarchical club at Athens, to whose deadly anger Leon's life had been so nearly sacrificed. Leon's displeasure was also highly increased by finding that Kritias was present with the Athenian armament before Mytilene. He rightly judged that Pāches would be mainly guided by the influence of Kritias; and he knew well the malignity, with which that influence would be directed against himself. He determined to protect himself as far as possible against any further attempts at assassination, by always taking a guard of his own crew ashore with him, and by sleeping on board his own galley every night. The interview between him and Pāches was conducted with formal, though sullen courtesy on both sides. Leon congratulated Pāches on the surrender of Mytilene, and Pāches congratulated Leon on his successful action with part of the Peloponnesian fleet,

which Leon had briefly reported. Both commanders agreed that their immediate duty was to get the Athenian fleet into readiness for action, and to station look-out ships, to watch and announce in good time the approach of Alcidas and his squadron. Pāches gave Leon a ceremonious invitation to his table, which was declined with equal ceremony. Leon was able truly to assign his grief for the death of his lieutenant Lysis, as a reason why he kept aloof from all festivities.

The Revenge had entered the harbour early in the morning. Leon had not beached her, but had anchored at some little distance from the land. He had returned on board his galley, after his interview with Pāches, at about two hours before sunset, and soon afterwards he saw a two-masted vessel coming into the harbour. He and his officers at once recognised the Epicuria, the ship, that had given them such valuable assistance in the late engagement. Leon immediately ordered his boat to be brought

alongside, and manned, to take him on board of the Epicuria. He thought to himself: "I will see Diphilus at once, before Pāches or Kritias can get hold of him, and plan any mischief. I should like also much to find out, who the other officer on board the Epicuria was, that spoke to me by name. The voice haunts me. It sounded strangely like the voice of her, whom I ought to think of no more, but am not likely to forget for many a long year."

Those on board of the Epicuria had recognised the Revenge; and both Diphilus and Atalanta could distinguish Leon plainly, as his boat approached their ship. The Epicuria was coming into harbour very slowly under half her sweeps. The wretched pressed men from Notium (whom Diphilus had refused to set on shore at Chios) were entirely worn out with fatigue, and the slaves from the Pontus were in not much better plight. When Diphilus saw the Revenge's boat drawing near, he gave his rowers the welcome order of: "Easy all!"

and he then kept the Epicuria steady for Leon to come on board of her.

Atalanta watched the approach of Leon with a tumult of conflicting feelings, by which she was almost overpowered. Joy at seeing her lover before her in the bloom of life and youth,—intense rapture at the thought that the long-hoped for, long-deferred meeting would in a few minutes be a reality,—these feelings were strangely mingled with sudden and shuddering terror lest Leon should not know her, or lest his recognition should be a cold one. She thought to herself: "At any rate I will have no spectators of my weakness." And she retired to her cabin on the after-deck. Before she went there, she said in a low voice to Diphilus: "Diphilus, when Leon is on board, and when you have answered his questions as to official matters, say privately to him these words, and no more: 'One whom you have supposed dead in Platæa, is alive, and is waiting to see you in yonder cabin.'" Diphilus bowed, in sign that he would obey her direc-

tions. Atalanta entered her cabin, and still felt oppressed with alarm that Leon would not know her. She thought to herself: "It would break my heart, if he were to look on me as on a stranger. There is no time to get rid of this disguise; nor, even if there were time, have I any dress of my own here. Yet, he knew me instantly, when I was wearing his cousin's armour; why should he not know me now? Alas! there is risk of there being a change, but it is the risk of there being a change in him. Still, I will do what I can to ensure that he shall remember me." She removed the helmet-hat from her head, and, taking up a small brazen mirror, she arranged her hair as well as she was able, with the old feminine parting down the middle. The long locks had been clipped, but not so closely as to deprive them of all their natural richness and beauty. She felt appalled at the brown, weather-beaten hue, which the storms of the Euxine (more effectual than any dye) had given to her face and neck. But her eyes

knew their own undiminished brilliancy, and the thought prevailed: "Surely he will know me, and will love me." She laid the mirror aside, and listened anxiously to the well-known tones of Leon's voice. He was now conversing with Diphilus on the quarter-deck of the Epicuria. Then came a pause for a few minutes; and then her heart throbbed even more wildly, as she heard the sound of his footsteps approaching her cabin door. He entered. He knew her instantly. He spoke to her by her name. She replied by uttering his; and in another moment Atalanta was in Leon's arms.

When Leon returned on board of his own galley that evening, he did not return alone.

CHAPTER VII.

. . . . Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angat.
Aut cum conscius ipse animus se forte remordet;
Aut quod in ambiguo verbum jaculata reliquit.
LUCRETIUS, IV. 1133.

It is a cruel proof of the want of generosity in human nature, that an affection too utterly self-sacrificing always meets with an evil return. The obligation, for which we know there is no requital, becomes a burden hard to be borne: we take refuge in ingratitude.—MISS LANDON.

THAT most expressive word "Reticence," has only lately been much used in English. The thing has been practised enough, and more than enough in all ages, and in all countries. It is, no doubt, sometimes necessary and salutary; but, on the whole, the practice of it probably creates as much misery, as any of our acknowledged bad habits. It generally comes either from want

of moral courage, from unwillingness to face an immediate "scene," or else from selfish desire to grasp a pleasure, which is offered in ignorance of the real state of facts, and the opportunity for which would be withdrawn, if we were to volunteer a tale of the truth, of the whole truth, and of nothing but the truth. Leon was now practising Reticence to a fearful extent. He knew that he was acting ill, acting ill towards both Evadne and Atalanta; but he lulled his conscience with the low plea that his tongue had uttered no falsehood, although he was turning his whole life into a lie. He sometimes wished that Lysis had survived, to keep him steady on the path of honour, but he knew well what he would have heard from Lysis, and he felt glad at having been spared from his rebukes. Untrue thus in friendship, as well as in love, Leon was not sorry that the emergencies and the excitement of warlike operations left him little leisure for reflection.

Leon directed the Epicuria to anchor close alongside of the Revenge; and in the

morning, he went ashore to Pāches, taking with him Diphilus and the Corinthian prisoners, who had been among the beaten boarding-party from the Bellerophon, and whom Diphilus had secured in the Epicuria. Diphilus had already made careful inquiries from these men about the strength, the composition, and the designs of the Peloponnesian fleet. These were reported to Pāches and Leon, who took full notes of them, and afterwards the two Athenian Commanders themselves examined each of the prisoners, out of the hearing of his fellow-prisoners, on the same subjects. The information obtained by a comparison of these accounts, added to the knowledge which Leon and Diphilus had obtained from personal observation, proved very valuable. The enemy's fleet had numbered forty-two sail, but one had been sunk, and two others much damaged in the action, which their advanced squadron had fought with the Revenge and the Epicuria. Some of the Corinthian prisoners expressed an opinion that the Peloponnesian Admiral, Alcidas,

when he heard that Mytilene had already fallen, would not come further northward to protect the other towns in Lesbos, which had taken part with Mytilene in revolting from the Athenians; but that he would either sail back to Peloponnesus immediately, or betake himself to a plundering cruise along the coasts of southern Ionia and Caria. Pāches and Leon thought this very probable, judging from the slowness and indecision which Alcidas had shown on his voyage across the Ægean, and from his not pressing forward upon Lesbos immediately after the engagement between his leading ships and those of Leon and Diphilus. It was resolved by the Athenian admirals to sail immediately southward with their thirty best galleys, so as to bring the Peloponnesians at once to action, if Alcidas was advancing towards them, or, if he was holding back, to destroy him wherever they could find him. A sufficient force was to be left at Mytilene, to keep the conquered city and disarmed population in order.

Assuming a tone of casual conversation, Leon remarked, that he thought he should take Athanas, the other chief officer of the Epicuria, on board his own galley, the Revenge, as his knowledge of the enemy's force might be serviceable. Pāches coldly replied that he did not know who or what Athanas was; but that he should have thought Diphilus likely to be more useful. "However," he added, "it is no business of mine whom you take on board your own ship with you; and I think that the less you and I interfere with each other's arrangements, the better."

"I think so too:" said Leon. He added with a very marked emphasis, "I hope that you and Kritias will attempt no interference of any kind with me. It will be better for all parties that no such attempt should be made. My brave friend Lysis is no more, but Ammeas the Platæan is serving on board of the Revenge. I shall give him and certain others very explicit orders what to do, if they hear of my being stabbed or poisoned, or got

rid of, as certain persons tried to get rid of me at Athens."

"I do not understand you."

"Perhaps you do not choose to understand me."

"Perhaps not. At any rate, I do not choose to be questioned by you. We are here on duty, and I am your senior in command. Half the squadron, that we take with us, will be placed under you, and will form the leeward column in sailing, so long as this north-west wind holds. You are not to go a-head of my division. The captains, who are to be under you, shall report themselves to you before noon. We can set sail at daybreak to-morrow. When we come in sight of the enemy, you must come on board of my galley, if there is time, and attend a council-of-war. If we find ourselves suddenly close to the Peloponnesians, go into action as you think best. We can trust each other for that work. As a rule, on the voyage, we had better communicate by messages or letters, and see as little of each other as possible.

There is no love lost between us; but we shall do well to postpone our private quarrel till the fighting with the public enemy is over. Is there any explanation of orders which you desire from me, as your senior officer?"

"None at all. Your directions are quite intelligible, and I think them quite right. I shall be ready to sail at sunrise. The sooner we bring Alcidas to action the better. Of course, I leave the Corinthian prisoners in your charge."

The two admirals parted, with formal and haughty ceremony. Leon, as he walked down to the shore, thought to himself "Pāches is after all not a bad colleague, so far as regards dealing with the enemy. He is brave as a lion, and always prompt and energetic in choosing and in following up his line of action. If he had not Kritias with him, I should hardly suspect him of more foul play against me personally. But no man is safe against the malignity and manœuvres of Kritias."

Leon now thought of Atalanta; he looked round, and beckoned to Diphilus, who was following him at a little distance, to come alongside of him. "Diphilus," he said, "you and I might have a good many old scores to settle; but services have of late been done by you, which put the sponge over all those old accounts. So now, in Homeric phrase, we will let all those matters be bygones,* and we will talk of what lies before us. Our fleet is to sail at sunrise to-morrow, to meet Alcidas, or to chase him, as the case may be. I think I shall ask Athanas to accompany me on board the Revenge."

Leon looked hard at his companion as he spoke. There was a slight twinkle in the seaman's eye, and an incipient smile on his lip, which showed that he fully understood the relations between his own late commanding officer and the young Athenian admiral, but he soon schooled his features into a look of impassive decorum, and replied,

* Ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν προτέτυχθαι ἐάσομεν.
Il. Π', 177.

"You will have a very gallant comrade at your side. I have seen Athanas in action now ten times, and I never knew any one fight more valiantly."

"You do not really mean," said Leon, eagerly,—"you do not really mean that you have seen Atal—Athanas actually fighting?"

"I mean to say," replied Diphilus, "that, only four days ago, I saw Athanas fight Timarchus hand-to-hand fairly, when the Bellerophon boarded the Epicuria. Athanas killed him outright, with as strong and skilful a lunge at the throat, as the best master-of-arms ever gave, after parrying his adversary's swashing blow. It is not a year since I and every Greek sailor on board of the Epicuria owed our lives to Athanas. The barbarian part of our crew had mutinied. I had been struck down; no other Greek was ready; but Athanas alone withstood the mutineers, and wielded a battle-axe like a second—Penthesilea, I was going to say, but perhaps the comparison might be too true to be pleasant."

"Never mind Penthesilea. Tell me more about how Athanas fought," said Leon; and for the rest of their way to the shore, and from the shore to the ship, he listened delighted to the stories which Diphilus, nothing loth, poured forth about the prowess which Athanas had displayed during their adventures in the Euxine, and along its coasts.

Atalanta heard with gladness the proposal that she should accompany Leon on the advance against the Peloponnesian fleet. Her arms were brought to her from the Epicuria; and she felt pride and pleasure in showing them to Leon, especially when she found from him that Diphilus had already borne witness to

The skill with which she wielded her keen blade.

It was arranged that Diphilus should remain at Mitylene with the Epicuria, until the return of the Athenian fleet. But he was to take the ship on short trips for trading at his discretion. Diphilus saw that

there was a good opportunity for making much profit, by purveying supplies for the troops, and for making much more profit by quiet trading with the Mytilenæans themselves. Many of these had, at the time of the capitulation, secreted jewels and other valuable articles, which they were very glad to dispose of at very low rates to customers like Diphilus, who could be relied on for not betraying them to the Athenian commanders, who had ready-money to pay with, and who could give wine and other necessaries in exchange. Atalanta sent for Diphilus, and asked him what he was going to do with the pressed men, whom they had taken on board at Notium. He replied, that the freemen among them were very glad to go and serve, for a time, on board of some of the Athenian galleys, that were about to sail southward. They were sure that Pāches would recapture Notium from the Persians, and they would then be reinstated in their homes. "As for the slaves whom we have on board," said Diphilus, "I shall not try to sell them at present.

Some Thessalian slave-merchants are in the camp; but they offer very low prices. They expect that the Athenians will order all the Mytilenæan population, or, at any rate, the aristocrats and their families, to be sold into slavery, which will, of course, make a glut in the market. Our captives will sell much better at Athens. When are we likely to be there?"

Atalanta looked down, and paused for some time before she answered. At last she said, "I cannot talk to you now, Diphilus, about plans for the future. But let me thank you most earnestly and fervently for your services during the past. I am indebted to you for much more than life. I should like all our crew to be liberally paid for this stoppage in Lesbos. I have thought, too, that I am now, for the first time, going into action, without having you for a comrade. Perhaps I may fall, as Lysis fell. Take this document—you are justly entitled to it."

As she spoke, she handed to Diphilus a

regular deed of transfer of the ship Epicuria, her boats, masts, sails, tackle, and stores of every description. It purported to be from the ship-owner Athanas to the ship-master Diphilus, and was to take effect on and after Athanas's death. Atalanta had sent ashore that morning for a notary, and had had the deed drawn in blank. She had herself afterwards filled in the names.

Diphilus thanked her briefly, but earnestly, for this proof of her kind forethought for his welfare. He added, "I hope it will be long before this deed takes effect. I expect that you may still find me and the old Epicuria of service to you. Do you want any part of your treasure brought on board of the Revenge?"

"I shall be glad if you can get a talent changed for darics and drachmas, and if you will bring the change to me here. The rest of the gold had better remain on board of the Epicuria. It cannot be safer than in your custody. Be good enough to bring this money to me yourself. I am sorry to

give you so much personal trouble; but I do not like to trust any one else. To do so might cause awkward inquiries."

"I will make a point of bringing it myself. Indeed, I think it will be best for the Epicuria to be hauled off a little further from the Revenge, and for the two ships' companies to see as little of each other as possible. There are many on board of the Revenge, who were in Platæa with you and Leon. Even if they have not already recognised you, some of them will be sure to do so before long, and it is as well that they and our Epicuria's crew should not begin to compare notes about you. For the present, farewell."

As Diphilus went away, he thought to himself, "Poor girl! I wish it were as easy for me to keep away from her ears the gossip, which I heard ashore this morning, about Leon's being betrothed to the sister of Charmides at Athens. I fear that the worst of my lady-captain's troubles are yet to come. She is a noble being, and I will stand by her to

the death. I care nothing for Leon. My men marked him once in the face with the lance on Atalanta's account.* If he wrongs her now, I will hit him with more effect. Perhaps he will get killed in the next sea-fight. That will be the best thing that can happen. Though I suppose that, if he falls, poor Atalanta will half weep herself to death for him. I am afraid that the old ditty is true:

> As the sea is full of waves,
> Woman's life is full of woe:
> Tears she forces from her slaves,
> But her own must faster flow.

As he hummed the last bars of this song, Diphilus stepped on his own deck, and ordered the Epicuria to be rowed to another part of the harbour, where it would be easier to unload cargo, and to take in provisions.

The next day's sun was not high above the horizon, when the Athenian fleet stood out of Mytilene in gallant order, the division under Pāches himself leading the way, and that under Leon following in a

* See Vol. i., p. 151.

single line out of harbour. On getting out to sea, the Revenge and her followers quickened their pace, till they came up with their consorts, and then the whole fleet set their sails, and held good way southward in two even and parallel columns, with an interval of about half a mile. Those galleys, that were deficient in rate of sailing, put on extra power at the oars, to make up for their dulness under canvas, and to maintain the perfect order of formation. Three of the swiftest galleys of each division were detached, with orders to spread to the westward, lest the enemy's fleet should pass by on that side. There was no fear of their passing unobserved on the eastern side, as the Athenians sailed along within sight of land.

Atalanta sate by the side of Leon on the quarter-deck of the Revenge, and viewed with delight the really beautiful spectacle of naval power, and skill, and discipline. But she could not help remembering the words of Diphilus about many men, who

had formed part of the garrison of Platæa, being now in the same galley with her. And, when the officers came aft, from time to time, to report signals, and other matters to Leon, and to receive his orders, Atalanta fancied that she could detect on the faces of one or two (whom she herself well recognised) a look of secret intelligence, and sly humour, when they came opposite to where their captain and the so-called Athanas were sitting together. Atalanta now felt what real humiliation is,—a misery which was new to her, but which she found to be the most burning, and the most branding of all miseries. She tried hard to command her thoughts, and to fix them on the expected battle, which all believed to be imminent. She began to envy the fate of Lysis, which Leon had narrated to her. She thought of the warning of early and violent death, which had been given to her, by the appearance of the Deified Achilles, as she saw him in her vision at the White Island;* and she longed

* See *suprà*, Vol. ii., p. 258.

dolefully for the speedy realisation of the presage.

But the general engagement, which all on board of the Athenian fleet so confidently and eagerly looked for, was not to take place. Alcidas had advanced northward, with forty galleys, as far as Embaton, on the Asiatic coast, when he received certain intelligence of the fall of Mytilene, rumours of which he had heard before. He resolved at once to return. Some of the bolder and more energetic officers on board of his fleet remonstrated strongly, but in vain. He had been sent with a fleet to raise the siege of Mytilene. The surrender of the place had made the object of his mission an impossibility. He considered that his next duty was to ensure the safety of the fleet, which had been entrusted to his charge. He accordingly retreated as speedily as possible, leaving behind him a most unfavourable impression as to Sparta and her officers, both on account of his poltroonery in avoiding battle, and on account of his cruelty, in

putting to death crews of merchant-vessels of all nations, that came into his power.

Pāches and Leon obtained, at various islands and points of the mainland, intelligence of the flight of Alcidas, and of the course that he was taking. They chased as far as Patmos, without coming in sight of any of the Peloponnesian ships; and here Pāches determined to give up the pursuit. Leon vehemently urged his colleague to follow up the enemy. He pointed out that their superior seamanship would certainly enable them, sooner or later, to overtake the Peloponnesians; and that it was all-important to show, to both the friends and the foes of Athens, that no fleet hostile to her could enter Ionian waters, without the certainty of being destroyed. Pāches replied that he thought it fortunate that he had not overtaken the enemy in some harbour or island, where they would have, of necessity, fortified themselves on shore, and so have given the Athenians the delay and trouble of a regular siege and blockade.

The argument between the two admirals grew into violent altercation. Pāches sarcastically remarked to Leon, "We have not all of us such good reasons, as you have, for prolonging this cruise. We are not provided with such pleasant companions on board."

Leon coloured deeply, and laid his hand on his dagger; but before he could speak or act, Pāches added, with haughty coolness, "Be so good as to remember that I am your superior officer. I punish mutiny promptly and severely, whoever may be the offender; and the Athenian Republic has the habit of supporting commanders, who are strict in naval discipline. Return to your galley, and get your division of the fleet ready to sail northward, to Notium, to-morrow morning."

Leon returned on board of the Revenge in no very good humour, and some incidents that followed by no means improved his temper. Atalanta had occupied her time, while left alone that morning, in looking at

the various weapons, and pieces of armour that were hung up in Leon's cabin. Among these, she had, unfortunately, taken up and examined the linen corslet, which had been made for him at Timoclea's house, and which he had been wearing on the night, when the attempt was made on his life in the street at Athens. The marks of the assassins' swords were visible; but much more conspicuous was the embroidered sprig of myrtle, which Evadne had worked on it, just over the left breast. Atalanta instantly perceived the emblem, and recognised the meaning. She turned deadly cold and pale; she dropped the corslet on the ground, and sate down, resting her head between her hands. An abyss of misery seemed suddenly to have yawned before her, and around her. There was no retracing her steps; she saw her fallen position, and the inevitable lower depths. As she sate, almost stunned with shame and woe, the cabin-door was abruptly opened, and Leon entered hastily. He was flushed with rage, and his mind was full of

the insults, which he had just received from Pāches. He did not speak to Atalanta as he came in, but his foot struck against the corslet on the floor. He took it up, and at once recognised it. He coloured more deeply than before; and angrily, almost savagely, said, "Who has been interfering with my armour, and throwing it down on the ground?"

Atalanta looked up, and slowly answered him. There was an unnatural icy calmness both in her eye, and in her voice. She replied, "No other piece of armour has fallen. You have evidently a special regard for this corslet. Leon, tell me the name of her, who embroidered it for you."

Leon replied impetuously, "That piece of armour saved my life, and I have good cause to value it. I cannot stay to answer silly questions. The fleet is ordered to turn back."

"Please yourself, Leon. Perhaps when we are at Athens, I may hear more about this corslet."

Leon made no further answer. He placed the corslet up on its peg, and flung himself out of the cabin. He had much to do on deck, in giving orders for the ships of his division to prepare to sail in column back towards the north. There was now no longer any need of preparation for chasing or engaging an enemy; but Leon was too smart an officer (and so was Pāches) ever to permit either squadrons or single ships to lose perfect array, and fitness for speedy action. Pāches signalled to the Revenge that the whole fleet was to make for Notium. The news of this being their destination, and the prospect of a conflict with the Persian occupants of that place, did something towards cheering up the Athenian crews, who, like Leon, had been deeply disappointed when the chase of the Peloponnesian fleet was abandoned.

While the duties of command gave Leon a reasonable excuse for remaining on deck for some time, he had also leisure to think over the late scene with Atalanta, and the

probable consequences of her unlucky discovery of the embroidered linen cuirass. Leon had ceased to wear it, because he feared that, if noticed, it might cause enquiry; and he had placed it in a part of his cabin, where it was not likely to attract observation. He had not reckoned on Atalanta's new warrior-habits making her try to act as his armourer. He had now to make up his mind what to say about this myrtle-broidered corslet, if he were further questioned about it, as he expected to be. He could not avow the truth; and to persist in a refusal to answer would be as bad as a confession. Leon had prided himself all his life on his Achillean quality of "hating a lie, as he hated the gates of Hell." But he now, though reluctantly, determined that, if he was asked again how he came by that cuirass, he would say that it came to him from Lysis. He thought to himself, "It is true that Lysis was the cause of my having it, and wearing it," and he tried to silence his long-cherished keen sense of honour by thus paltering with the truth.

He was however spared from the utterance of this falsity, although he had tainted his mind by contriving it. Atalanta, also, had been thinking over what it was best to say and do about the fatal corslet; and she had made up her mind that her course for the present should be to say and do nothing. She could not reason herself out of the import of the myrtle-leaf, but she thought that emblem might have originated from some old transitory love affair, or, at any rate, from one, which Leon would for the future discard. She was too proud to supplicate, and she was also too proud to threaten. She thought also of the prophetic warning of early death, which she had received from the Vision of Achilles. She said to herself, "I will keep down this alarm; at any rate, I will not give it utterance, while I retain life, and while Leon is with me in these eastern seas. If, when we return to Athens, I find myself contemned, my deeds shall outspeed my words."

With this determination she rose up and

endeavoured to assume a composed, if not a cheerful aspect and tone, when Leon came back to the cabin. He began their conversation by expressing regret for his late ill-humour, which he attributed to the mortification, which he had felt at the abandonment of the chase after the Peloponnesian fleet, and to the offensive and imperious manner, in which Pāches had thought fit to issue orders to him. Atalanta immediately expressed her sympathy with him; and they both talked long, and with a perfect concurrence of opinion, about the opportunity for a brilliant victory, which had been thrown away. Leon then mentioned that their present destination was Notium; and this, with speculations as to what would become of Melissa, furnished another topic, which was not likely to bring on either awkward questions, or angry comments. They both, as if by tacit compact, cautiously forbore from any allusion to the scene, which had occurred in the morning. But each of them was incessantly thinking of it. Above all,

the hasty words which Atalanta had thrown out, of hearing more at Athens, lay like undying firebrands in Leon's heart.

On reaching Notium, Pāches found that the Persian force in occupation of the citadel, was under the command of the Arcadian soldier of fortune, Hippias. Itamenes had been put to death about a week before, by Pissuthnes, the Satrap, on some frivolous charge of disloyalty to the great king, but in reality because Itamenes had refused to let Pissuthnes take Melissa away from him. After Itamenes was thus disposed of, Melissa had, nothing loth, accompanied the Satrap to Sardis; where she reigned for a time in redoubled splendour as provincial Queen of the old Lydian capital.

Pāches landed part of his force without opposition a little above the town; and then he sent a herald to Hippias, inviting him to come out from the fort to the Athenian maritime camp, and to hold a parley. Pāches promised that, if nothing satisfactory was arranged at the conference, Hippias should

be placed safe and sound within his fortress again. As soon as he came forth, Pāches had him seized and secured; and the Athenians then made a sudden assault on the fort, overpowered the surprised garrison, and slew them all, both the Asiatics and the Arcadian mercenaries. Pāches next had Hippias led within the walls of the fort, and told him that he had kept his promise, by placing him there safe and sound. He then ordered Hippias to be bound, and put to death.

Leon had not been required by Pāches to take any part in the operations on shore at Notium. But on hearing of the flagitious fraud, that had been practised, Leon went to the tent of his brother General, and insisted on an interview. He found Kritias there,—a fit associate in such acts, as Leon told them. But Pāches cut short his protest and reproaches, by giving him an explicit order, as from a superior to a junior officer, to get his division of the fleet ready, and to go to sea immediately. Leon left the tent,

muttering a threat to bring the conduct of Pāches before the Athenian Public Assembly, a threat which Kritias overheard, and replied to with a mocking laugh of ominous significance.

The fleet returned to Mytilene; but the presence of the whole Athenian armament at Lesbos was now no longer necessary; and Pāches sent part of his ships home, placing on board of them the Mytilenæan aristocratic prisoners, who had been detained in the island of Tenedos. But, after the threat, which Leon had uttered about denouncing him at home, Pāches took care to order Leon to remain at Lesbos. Leon was only too glad to be able to state, in his letters to Evadne, the positive orders of his superior officer, as the reason why he did not hasten homewards. He lived in increasing terror of what was likely to happen, if Atalantá followed him back to Athens; and he saw no possibility of keeping her away. His love for her was declining rapidly, though not yet wholly superseded

by feelings of alarm and aversion. There had been no more quarrels or scenes between them; but each remembered acutely what had passed; and each knew that the recollection was ever present to the mind of the other. Mutual dissimulation reigned between them; and they were both fully conscious and aware of it. They lived no longer in the unreserve of unbounded affection, but in the narrowed and narrowing circle of guarded conventionality. Leon sometimes thought, that Atalanta's love would decay, like his own, and that their bonds would thus fall harmlessly asunder. But he felt that all fancies of this kind were idle, when he reflected on the spirit of fierce energy, which had lately been developed in Atalanta, in addition to the proud sensitiveness, which had always been her characteristic. He strove to counteract the effect of these thoughts, by dwelling upon his deep obligations to her; but this was to him, in his present frame of mind, only an accumulation of burdens. He hated himself for

meanness and ingratitude; and he began to hate the object of his ingratitude as the cause of it.

Pāches, with a remnant of the fleet, which included the Revenge, loitered long about Lesbos. The first decree, that came to him from the Athenian Assembly, respecting the fate of the Mytilenæans, was a resolution to apply to them the extreme measure of the then recognised laws of war respecting the populations of besieged towns, that surrendered at discretion. All the males of military age were to be put to death; the women and children were to be sold as slaves. A galley with despatches to Pāches, ordering him to put this horrible order into execution, was actually sent from Peiræus to Lesbos; but the great mass of the Athenians soon repented of the cruel vote, which they had given at the instigation of Cleon, and in excitement and hasty anger. In a second Assembly, held on the following day, the subject was reconsidered, and the general decree of death was cancelled. It was ordered that the

Mytilenæan aristocrats, whom Pāches had sent to Athens, should be executed immediately; but that the lives of the rest of the population should be spared, and that none should be sold into slavery. The fortifications of the revolted city were to be levelled with the ground. Her ships of war, her treasures, her military and naval stores, were to he confiscated to the Imperial State of Athens. Other measures, as to forfeiture of land, and as to tribute, were to follow.

The galley bearing the sentence of death, which was passed at the first Assembly, had been despatched from Athens on the afternoon of the day on which that sentence had been voted. The friends of the Mytilenæans used the utmost exertion in sending off the swiftest available vessel with the more merciful decree of the second Assembly. She was manned with a picked crew, who were excited to use their utmost efforts at the oar, by their own feelings in favour of the doomed Mytilenæans, as well as by the high

pecuniary rewards, which were promised if they arrived in time. But twenty-four hours' start, on so short a voyage, had put the first galley so much in advance, that the second failed to overtake her at sea, though the men in the ship of death knew and disliked their errand, and rowed with an ill-will and slackened speed. Still, their ship held her way into the harbour of the condemned city. The despatch, which was the death-warrant of not less than six thousand human beings, was placed in the hands of Pāches, who read it with heartless indifference, and then showed it to his friend Kritias, who, as usual, was with him in the house, which he had taken for his head-quarters in the town. Kritias's eye lighted up, and his lip curled with grim delight, at a decree of cruelty so congenial with his own disposition. A smile of still more savage satisfaction followed, when he perceived how he and Pāches might find in this butcher-work the means for paining a personal enemy. Kritias, as he gave back the fatal scroll to the hands of

Pāches, said, "Make Leon your slaughter-man, for carrying out this decree." Pāches assented readily; and a messenger was forthwith sent to the Revenge, with a formal summons to her captain to attend a council of war at head-quarters on shore immediately.

On Leon's arrival, Pāches read the decree of the Public Assembly to him, and also gave him a copy of the Order of the day, which Pāches and Kritias had prepared, while Leon was sent for. In this order Pāches, as senior admiral, formally commanded Leon to collect a thousand men of the crews of his division of the fleet, properly armed, and to draw them up round the chief market-place, so that no one, who entered it, should be able to escape. Other officers were ordered to occupy, and to guard strictly, the gates and walls of the city. Others were to take companies of troops, and to drive all the full-grown male Mytilenæans gradually into the market-place, and inside the hollow square formed there by Leon's

crews. The Order of the day then required Leon to be personally in attendance, with three bands of fifty each, of the men of his own ship, armed with swords and daggers; and these bands, working by reliefs, were to slay all the Mytilenæans who came into the market-place. Leon was strictly enjoined to remain in person till the execution was completed, and he was required then to have the dead bodies piled in convenient heaps and counted; and he was finally to report the aggregate amount of the slain to Pāches.

Leon indignantly refused to perform such butcher-work. He protested, also, his disbelief in the genuineness of the alleged decree of the Athenian people. Pāches coolly put the very decree into his hand, and told him to judge for himself of its authenticity. He then added:

"You know perfectly well what the People orders, and what I, as your superior officer, order. If you refuse to obey, I will instantly have you arrested, and brought to summary

trial and execution, for treason and mutiny. I shall then give the temporary command of your ship to Kritias, who will, I believe, find some lovely materials for his gratification on board of her."

A sudden train of ideas flashed across Leon's mind. "I will escape," he thought; "I will escape hence, and turn refugee for a time. The Athenians will certainly soon repent of this horrible barbarity, and they will pardon me for having refused to execute it. I will not join the enemy. I will go and live in Thrace. Atalanta shall go with me. This will, at any rate, defer the scene of domestic confusion and misery, which at present awaits me at Athens." As he thought thus, he picked up the Order of the day, which in his first anger he had thrown to the ground; he folded it respectfully, and retained it in his hand.

He then said, in a calm tone, to Pāches: "I do not dispute your authority. I will go and summon my crew immediately." He spoke, and rapidly left the apartment.

Kritias said to Pāches, "I doubt whether we have acted wisely in letting him go."

"You do not mean," replied Pāches, "that you think he is going to get up a mutiny?"

"I do not know," said Kritias. "His eye looked dangerous."

"Let him try," rejoined Pāches, haughtily and fearlessly. "If he does, it will be his certain ruin."

As he spoke, a loud shout of joy, and a cry of—"Pardon and Life! Life and Pardon!" was heard in the street, overpowering the confused sounds of lamentation and shrill agony, which had begun to break out, as the tidings of the ordained massacre were rumoured about among the doomed Mytilenæans. The door of the apartment was suddenly opened; and Leon rushed in, bringing with him an Athenian officer, well known to Kritias and Pāches, who was crowned with olive, and who waved a white flag. This was the captain of the second galley, which, by the unremitting exertion of her crew (who had not allowed the oar to be

stayed during the whole voyage) had entered the harbour in bare time to save six thousand lives.

Leon handed the new decree to Pāches, bidding him in turn to "Read and judge for himself the People's orders." Pāches read it in stern silence, and showed it to Kritias, whose aspect blackened with the gloom of baffled blood-thirsty malignity. Pāches demanded his Order of the day back from Leon. He tore it up, and said to him, "You will now attend to the demolition of the seaward defences of the town. Further orders shall be sent to you. Attend, also, to the proper entertainment of this officer. The council is dissolved." Leon departed in haughty silence, gladdened at the prevention of the intended massacre, but with revived anxiety about what awaited himself on his return to Athens.

That return was delayed for yet some time longer. Pāches sent back the greater part of his troops, and some more ships of his fleet; but he still detained the Revenge

and her captain, alleging in his despatches home, that he had need of the services of Leon in settling the forfeitures, and the allotments of land, and the new civil and military government of the island. Leon made no objection to this; though he well knew that the real cause of his detention, was, that he might not be beforehand with his colleague in preferring accusations of misconduct. Both Pāches and Kritias were grossly licentious; both utterly regardless of mercy, and good faith in the prosecution of their plans for the gratification of their passions. The despotic authority, which Pāches, as military commandant, wielded over the unhappy Mytilenæans, gave abundant opportunities for that gratification. It was on this account that Pāches protracted, as long as possible, the settlement of the affairs of Mytilene, and the other Lesbian towns. He had no wish that Leon should be expeditious in the discharge of the portions of duty, which were assigned to him; and Leon was as willing to procrastinate and

linger, as Pāches was, though for very different reasons. So that Leon did not sail away from Lesbos, his colleague cared little how he occupied his time. Leon used to pass several days together in short cruises about the island, in a little sailing-boat, which he had fitted up for himself and Atalanta, and which he usually manned with two hands from the Epicuria, sometimes aided by the little ship-boy, who had been accustomed to wait upon Atalanta (or Athanas, as she still was termed), when on board of that vessel. A house in Mytilene had been assigned as Leon's quarters, but he never occupied it, or went near it.

On this circumstance, among others, Kritias founded a subtle scheme for the ruin of Leon. It involved the ruin of Pāches also; but that made Kritias adopt it all the more readily. He and Pāches, though still confederates, had begun to dislike and suspect each other. Success had made Pāches boastful and self-reliant. He no longer sought directions from Kritias, nor did he heed

them if volunteered. He was even incautious enough to let fall expressions in the other's hearing, about his intention to consult his own interest solely in future, and to take up with democracy, if the Athenian Demus would back him, as well as they used to back up Pericles. For this, Antiphon and Peisander (with whom Kritias kept up constant communications) had doomed him to be put out of the way; and Kritias agreed with them in determining that it should be done, as soon as it could be securely effected. Kritias, as usual, grew more pleasant and gracious to the man, whose death was resolved on; and the tone of their meetings resumed a cordiality, which it had lost for some time. Pāches now told Kritias of a piece of good fortune, that was opening to him, and in which he was willing to let his old friend (as he again called him) have a share. Among the victims of the commandant's dishonouring admiration were two very beautiful Mytilenæan married women, named Lamaxis and Hellanis. Their hus-

bands were well known supporters of the democratic and Athenian interest; but Pāches made one of his emissaries bring a false charge of sedition against them; and on this he threw them both into prison, and had them examined before a political tribunal, which he had instituted, consisting of his own nominees and instruments. This court, as a matter of course, convicted them, and pronounced sentence of death. On this, as Pāches had expected, their wives sought access to him, to beg for mercy to their husbands. This Pāches promised to grant, but solely on condition of Hellanis and Lamaxis yielding themselves to his wishes. He told Kritias of this manœuvre with brutal triumph, and in his generosity towards his newly-reconciled friend, he offered to transfer to Kritias the one, whom he himself least admired, which was Lamaxis. Kritias accepted the offer, but suggested to Pāches to say that it was his brother-admiral Leon, whom Lamaxis must thus propitiate.

"I can make use of Leon's house," said

Kritias. "He never goes there; in fact, he is too much afraid of our having him stabbed, ever to sleep there. I will place some of my own people there, who shall be instructed to call me by the name of Leon. We are of much the same height, age, and build; and by the aid of false hair, and a little paint, I can make a very good imitation of him. The lady has never seen me, except, perhaps, at a distance; and she is not likely to have seen more of Leon. Should there be any disturbance made about the business, Leon will come in for a share of the odium; and this will make him rather less likely to bring or to support accusations against you."

"Excellent!" exclaimed Pāçhes; "and this will also get to the ears of your cousins at Athens. Coupled with the report (which we will take care to make a hot and loud one) about the floating Amazon, whom he now has with him, this will hardly fail to blight the matrimonial prospects of our worthy friend, the vapouring hero of Platæa."

The abominable scheme of wickedness thus concocted, was carried into execution. It was made still more atrocious by murder; for, by the order of Pāches, the husbands of Lamaxis and Hellanis were, on that very night, put to death in the prison. Pāches condescended, on the following evening, to inquire what had become of the wretched women themselves, and was a little startled to hear that they had disappeared from Mytilene. They had, in fact, obtained a passage to Athens in a ship that sailed a little before sunset. When at Athens, the tale of their wrongs procured them immediate sympathy and assistance; and the influence of Antiphon and Peisander was secretly, but effectively, exercised on their behalf. The Athenian public heard the horrible charge, which they preferred against the two generals at Lesbos, with indignation, and unbounded wrath. The official state galley, the Paralus, was instantly despatched to Mytilene, to bring back Pāches and Leon to take their trial; and an Athenian citizen, of

high reputation for personal probity, named Androtion, was sent to supersede them in command, at Lesbos.

When the Paralus was seen entering the harbour there, Kritias was the only person, that divined the objects of her mission. Pāches had, of late, added the habit of inebriety to his other vices; and was in his usual state after his noontide draughts, when the officers of the commonwealth entered his head-quarters to arrest him. Kritias took care that none of the attendants of the superseded general should give any trouble; and Pāches was secured on board of the Paralus, before he was fully aware that he was superseded, and a prisoner about to answer to a charge, that involved the question of his life or death.

The officers of the Athenian court found Leon on board of the Revenge. By a strange chance, that was the first time that Atalanta had left the Revenge without him. She had gone to the Epicuria, and was not to return until the following evening.

Diphilus had convinced her that her presence there for a short time was indispensably necessary, in order to pacify the crew, to whom this long loitering in the Ionian seas was becoming unendurable. Leon read the warrant of arrest, which only charged him generally with high crimes and misdemeanours in oppressing the Mytilenæans. The officers who served it, refused to give him any further explanation or information, beyond telling him that Pāches was arrested on the same charge, and that Androtion was now the Athenian commandant of Lesbos. They consented, however, to allow him an hour to arrange his property of various kinds, which was on board of the Revenge, and to write some necessary letters. The most important of these letters was directed to Athanas, on board of the Epicuria. Leon told Atalanta, in brief and guarded language, that Pāches was arrested and ordered home to take his trial for oppression and cruelty; and that he, Leon, as being one of the generals, was included in the charge. He

expressed his full confidence of being acquitted; but he added that the presence of Atalanta in Athens, at that crisis, would favour the circulation by his enemies of rumours dangerously injurious to him. He therefore implored Atalanta to keep away from Athens for the present, and to sail to Amphipolis, in Thrace. There she would meet Iophon, whom she already knew, and to whom Leon enclosed a short letter. Iophon would see every arrangement made for her safety and comfort, until Leon could join her in Thrace, which he would do as soon as the trial was over.

A reprieve from the dreaded clashing of his human Symplegades, from the collision of Evadne and Atalanta, seemed to be suddenly offered to him. He felt quite thankful for the arrest and criminal prosecution, that had caused it. He sent his letter to Atalanta by one of his own crew, whom he could thoroughly trust; and who undertook to deliver it into the hands of Athanas himself, as soon as the Paralus left the harbour, and

not before. He then, with a few attendants, and with part of his personal effects, accompanied the Athenian officials on board of the Paralus. He was received there with respect, but with stern formality and precaution. He was told that strict orders had been given against his entering into conversation with any one on board, especially with Păches. Leon smiled, and thought that little hardship was involved in this last prohibition. He made his return voyage to Athens almost as swiftly, as he had voyaged outwards, but with very different feelings and expectations.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ὦ παῖδες, ἦ τοι Κύπρις οὐ Κύπρις μόνον,
Ἀλλ' ἐστὶ πολλῶν ὀνομάτων ἐπώνυμος.
Ἔστιν μὲν Ἄιδης, ἔστι δ' ἄφθιτος βία,
Ἐστιν δὲ λύσσα μαινὰς, ἔστι δ' ἵμερος
Ἄκρατος, ἔστ' οἰμωγμος.

Love is not Love alone. It is a dæmon,
"Taking all shapes, and bearing many names."
It is the Power of the Infernal realms:
It is remorseless Violence: 'tis Madness:
'Tis fierce untamed Desire:—'tis Misery.

SOPHOCLES. *Fragment.*

THE trial of Pāches came on first. The evidence against him was of ghastly clearness. His sole reliance for a chance of acquittal had been on his friends of the Aristocratic clubs. He expected that they would bribe or make off with some of the witnesses against him; that they would provide him with witnesses ready to swear to anything

in his defence, and that they would, as usual, employ all their influence in packing the popular tribunal, before which he was to be tried. But he found that the chiefs of his party, Antiphon and Peisander, now utterly abandoned him, and left him to his fate. He knew at once that he was a doomed man, and he met his fate with fierce desperation. He conducted himself during his trial with the utmost haughtiness and arrogance, thereby adding, if it were possible, to the public indignation against him. When his judges were about to pronounce their sentence, (which was evidently to be an unanimous sentence of condemnation) Pāches imperiously called on them to stop, and then he drew his sword, and stabbed himself before them, in open court.*

He died amid the execrations of all, who had heard his deeds; and there was a deep

* The recovery of Lesbos by Pāches, his treachery at Notium, his tyranny at Mytilene, the names of his victims, Hellanis and Lamaxis, their prosecution of him before the Athenian court, his trial, and his suicide in open court are historical facts.

vindictive feeling against Leon also, who was to be tried two days afterwards. The artifices of Kritias had made the evidence against him formidably strong. Lamaxis had deposed that he was the criminal; and Kritias had sent a man from Lesbos, who gave evidence to having seen Leon go, on the night in question, to his house, where the crime took place. Evidence was also ready, that Leon was, on that night, absent from his galley in the harbour, where he usually slept. Leon, in fact, had been on that night on a cruise in his little fishing-boat with Atalanta round the north of the island. But it was impossible to prove this without the evidence of Atalanta, or that of the sailors from the Epicuria, who had been with them. Leon knew that these two men had, at their own request, been paid off, and that they had left the Epicuria a day or two before the Paralus came to Lesbos. He had no means of tracing or finding them. He supposed that Atalanta had gone to Thrace, as he had requested; and he felt an in-

vincible repugnance to bringing her to Athens, and exposing her to public examination. He determined to take his chance with things as they were, though he became more and more convinced that his chance of escape was very small.

Such was the odium created by the atrocity of the charge, that Aristippus was almost the only friend who came to see him in prison. Aristippus disbelieved Leon's guilt, even before he was assured by Leon himself of his innocence. To those who argued about the cogency of the proofs against Leon (and the case was argued over and over by every group of talkers in Athens), Aristippus replied: "I do not know how far all this supposed proof may be unreal or exaggerated,—I do not know how much trickery, or how much mistake there may be in it,—but this I do know, that it is not in Leon's nature to commit such a detestable crime as is charged against him. I do not mean to say that he is immaculate. His cruising about with that amorous

Amazon, on board of his war-galley, was foolish and disgraceful, especially in view of his recent betrothal here. But that is far different from joining with that ruffian Pāches in brutal crime. It is well known, too, that he and Pāches hated each other, and scarcely kept up terms of common civility when they met officially. It is absurd to suppose that they were confederates in guilt of this kind."

Aristippus pointed these and other topics out to Leon, as useful hints for his defence; but he was compelled to own, when they talked the case over together, that the probabilities of condemnation were very heavy. "I expect it," said Leon; "and I am nerving myself to bear it. Though I am guiltless in this matter, I cannot say that my misery is undeserved. Can you tell me how poor Evadne is? Her brother and her guardian have not been here, or sent a single message. I suppose they are very savage with me. Well, I feel that I ought not to wonder at it."

"They are very angry, and have been so for some time, even before this vile accusation was heard of. Many very unpleasant reports about your establishment on shipboard have been circulated in Athens. But I do not wish to pain you now by talking of such things."

"You have not yet told me how Evadne is."

"I had rather that I could have been spared from telling, and you from hearing it. She is almost broken-hearted. It is very sad to see such a wreck of one, who used to be so blooming and so happy. I believe that she is devoted to you, even now."

"If you have the opportunity, Aristippus, assure her of my innocence of this horrible charge. I cannot defend myself as to other matters. Do not let me detain you here longer to-day. I should be glad to see you to-morrow morning before the trial."

"I fully mean to be here, and also to accompany you to the court, and to remain as near you as possible throughout the day.

I wish I could render you more effectual succour. Farewell, Leon! Hope for the best. Depend upon it you are not altogether forsaken."

Aristippus's last words were more true than he was aware of. While he and Leon were conversing, the witnesses, who could prove Leon's innocence, arrived at Athens. His letter had been delivered to Atalanta on board of the Epicuria at Lesbos, on the morning that the Paralus took Leon away from that island. She read it with surprise, indignation, and terror. On going ashore, she quickly learned what crime had been imputed to Leon; and she knew how false the charge was. She at once caused search to be made for the two seamen, who had been with her and Leon at the north of Lesbos, and she succeeded in finding them, and in inducing them to come to Athens with her. This search, however, occupied some time; and the Epicuria did not reach Peiræus until the morning of the day before the trial. During the voyage, Diphilus made Atalanta

fully acquainted with the engagement between Leon and Evadne, and with the fact, that the betrothal had actually taken place before Leon sailed for Lesbos. All these things were well known at Mytilene, although they had not hitherto reached Atalanta's ear. Diphilus said to her, "I know that I am doing a thankless office in telling you these things about Leon, but you ought to know them, before you do more for him."

Atalanta heard him with stern calmness, and replied, "I expected to hear of something of the kind, but not of perfidy so black as this. Well, I have the means of saving him; but, if I save him, it must be for myself, and not for my rival. I will find means to see and speak with this Evadne."

One of the first persons, whom Atalanta sought on arriving at Athens, was a priestess of Pallas Athenè, in the Parthenon, named Theano. Theano was a friend of Diotima, and Atalanta believed that Theano would assist her.

Her determination was to compel Evadne

to become one of the Priestesses vowed to Pallas Athenè. The vows of consecration to the Goddess' service, if once uttered, were irrevocable; and the marriage of Evadne and Leon would be thereby made impossible. "If she will not do this," said Atalanta, "the marriage shall be made impossible by Leon's condemnation and death. I will keep back the evidence, which alone can save him. It may break my own heart; but better that, than see him another's."

Theano promised her co-operation, and she told Atalanta that she need be under no difficulty about obtaining an interview with Evadne. Evadne was to be at that very temple next morning, at an hour after sunrise, with votive offerings. "Doubtless," said Theano, "she comes to pray in behalf of Leon."

The morning dawned; and Evadne arose from her couch of sleeplessness and weeping. Slowly and feebly she walked towards the temple. On her way she passed the house, at the window of which she had first

seen Leon. Recollections of old happiness, contrasted with present and impending misery, almost overpowered her. She rallied herself with difficulty, and at last reached the precincts of the temple. On entering the residence of Theano, she saw that another person was present, closely muffled in a boat-cloak. Theano left the room, saying, "Here is a person, Evadne, whom you must speak with." The stranger unmuffled; and Evadne saw before her a tall figure in the garb of a light-armed soldier. But the head was unhelmed; the features, though stern, were feminine; and Evadne knew at once that she was standing, face to face, with the detested and dreaded Atalanta.

The consciousness of innocence and truth sustained the young girl in this terrible hour. Evadne met the menacing gaze of her rival with a steady look of calm, superior dignity, till even that rival averted her aspect. Atalanta knew her own debasement; and the thoughts of the cause and of the causer

of it soon lashed her spirit back into jealous frenzy. She looked again fiercely on Evadne, and said:

"You are Evadne. I am Atalanta. Neither of us needs any further explanation. I am about to make a proposal to you. Leon's life or death depends on your acceptance or rejection of it. I have evidence ready, which, if produced, will prove that Leon was absent from Mytilene, when the crime, for which he is charged, was committed. But I will not produce that evidence—I will not save Leon, in order that he may cast me off, and give himself up to another. I require you, Evadne, now and in my hearing to take the vow that will bind you to become a Priestess in this Temple. If you do this, I will hasten to those, who conduct Leon's defence, with the witnesses. If you refuse, I will keep them back; and, in that event, as you well know, Leon must be condemned and executed. Answer speedily, or it may be too late. Will you save Leon, or not?"

Evadne did not hesitate a moment in her answer. "Woman of Evil!" she said, "I know it would be vain to appeal to feelings of mercy or of justice, which do not exist in you. I will make the sacrifice, which you shrink from making—the sacrifice of myself. I will take the vow."

Theano had made all preparations for the ceremony, and Evadne became, before an hour was over, a consecrated Priestess for life of the Virgin-Goddess Pallas Athenè. As soon as Atalanta had heard her rival pronounce the irrevocable oath, she hurried from the Temple. Evadne, when all but Theano and herself had retired, said to Theano, "I will not waste words by speaking of your conduct. I must now return to my home for a short time. I know the vow that I have taken; and by that vow I pledge myself that my return home shall be for a short time only." She then summoned her own attendants, and regained her house by their aid.

Atalanta had ascertained beforehand the

name and residence of the Athenian orator, who was to assist Leon in his defence. There was no distinct class of professional lawyers at Athens; but legal assistance was often deeply needed; and citizens, who were eminent for their skill in the conduct of a cause, and in speaking (by customary permission of the Court) in support of the party whom they befriended, acquired both wealth and importance. Euphemus, the assistant advocate of Leon, was one of the ablest of these. He at once saw the importance of the witnesses who were now brought forward, and he hastened with them to his friend and client.

Their evidence was as decisive, as could have been hoped for. All who heard it, felt convinced that some accomplice of Pāches had personated Leon. He was acquitted by acclamation; and the reaction of popular feeling in his favour was even more vehement, than the late prejudice had been against him. Some considerable time was taken up, before he could get free from the

gratulating throngs, that came round him. At last, as he was about to leave the Court with Aristippus, Diphilus made his way to his side, and said, "Athanas is waiting for you in yonder apartment."

Leon followed Diphilus thither, asking Aristippus to come with him, but to keep back all others. But when the three were entering the room, a slave rushed after them along the outer passage of the Court, whom both Leon and Aristippus recognised as of the household of Timoclea. The man placed a scroll in the hands of Leon; and calling upon both him and Aristippus by name, began to bewail loudly the fate of his lost young mistress Evadne.

"Speak, man!" said Aristippus to him hastily. "Tell me what has happened to Evadne."

"She is dead!" the man replied, wringing his hands. "She has taken poison and killed herself! This scroll, for me to bring to Leon, was given by her to me a few seconds before she died. We had just been

gladdened by news that came to the house from this Court that Leon was acquitted and safe. Then it was that Evadne took the deadly draught and sent this letter. Woe is me, to have seen my young mistress lying dead before me!"

Leon read the scroll. It contained these words:—

"LEON,—When this letter is in your hands, I shall have ceased to live. One, whom I will not name, compelled me this morning, as the sole condition on which you were to be saved, to take vows which parted us for ever. To save you I have given you up; but I cannot give you up and retain life. You may have thought me a weak girl; but I am not wholly unworthy of the heroine, whose name I bear.*

"I will not write a word to upbraid you. Farewell, Leon. She, who dies for you, blesses you.—EVADNE."

* See in the *Supplices* of EURIPIDES, 980, *et. seq.*, the character of the Heroine Evadne, who killed herself rather than outlive her husband Capaneus.

Maddened by remorse and misery, Leon turned on the wretched Atalanta, and heaped on her the fiercest reproaches. She cowered beneath them, and muttered: "I did not intend, or expect this."

"No!" rejoined Leon, "you did not expect this, because you thought that others were as meanly selfish as yourself. Hence, trafficker in treachery and death! May all the curses, that you have ever received, or deserved, light on me, if ever I knowingly set eyes on you again! Hence, Murderess, inferior to her, whom you have slain, alike in love and in courage!"

Atalanta replied: "I will at least prove that last charge to be undeserved."

As she spoke, she drew her sword, and drove it deep into her own heart. She fell, and expired without a struggle or a moan. Leon looked on in horror, and exclaimed: "I have now wrought the death of all that ever loved me!"

Diphilus, with his hand on his dagger-knife, sprang forwards towards Leon; but

Aristippus confronted and checked him. "Do not," he said, "attempt more useless violence. The day has already been too deeply stained with death. You were the friend, and most trusted agent of Athanas. It is best to continue to use that name. Take, therefore, on yourself the duty of seeing that proper respect and rites are paid to the body. If funds are wanting, you may apply to me."

Diphilus answered: "I will discharge that duty, and other duties to the Departed also; but the duty which you name shall be attended to first. I think, indeed, that Athanas is avenged already."

Aristippus turned, as Diphilus spoke, and saw Leon falling to the ground, where he lay, apparently lifeless. "Raise his head carefully!" said Aristippus to those who thronged into the room, "and bear him hither to the current of air. It is only a fit. He will recover; though it were perhaps better for him, that it should be otherwise."

Two close litters were sent for. In one

of them Diphilus and his sailors removed the body of Atalanta. In the other Leon was conveyed to his own house, where he lay for months stricken with brain-fever. When he had partially recovered, he left Athens, and resided for some time on his Thracian estates with Iophon. He did not return to Athens until a few days before the campaign of Delium. He eagerly volunteered to join the army, that was marching into Bœotia, and he was among the slain in the great battle, which the Athenians lost there. He had been stationed, at his own earnest desire, on the extreme right of the front rank of the regular infantry, a post of peculiar danger. Those of his countrymen, who had been near him, and who escaped from the battle, gave the highest praises to the daring and desperate valour, which Leon had displayed. He had been unhelmeted and wounded early in the engagement; but he refused to quit the field, while he might have saved himself; and he fought on, till he fell, as was supposed, by a chance bullet

from a sling. Light-armed troops were skirmishing on the flank of the contending phalanxes. Aristippus ascertained that Diphilus had commanded a band of slingers at Delium; and he formed his own opinion that the bullet, which slew Leon, had been deliberately aimed in vengeance for the fate of Atalanta. But no service to any living person, or to the memory of any of the dead, could be done by publishing that opinion; and Aristippus kept it to himself. He was confirmed in it by the departure of Diphilus from Athens soon after the battle, and by his never returning there.

Diphilus (whom the Epicuria, and its golden cargo, of which he said nothing, had made a man of wealth) settled, after some adventures, at Massilia. He obtained the citizenship there, and flourished as a highly respectable merchant. Perhaps some of his descendants are thriving at Marseilles at the present day.

It was contrary to Aristippus's philosophy to speak or think of painful things. But he

and Arēte could not always forbear from talking over the fate of their old friends. "It seems to me," said Aristippus, "to prove the truth of my favourite maxim, 'Love and hate, if you please, but do so with sense and moderation.'"

"I fear," replied Arēte, "that, when we teach that doctrine, we teach what is generally an impossibility. 'Love not at all' is a hard rule, yet it may be followed. But if we love at all, the practice, if not the principle, of one-half, certainly, of the human race will ever be—'ALL FOR LOVE.'"

THE END.

LONDON. PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018